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\$3.25  
CANADA

FANTAGRAPHICS

# ZOOOM! NUMBER SIX

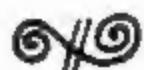


WRITE TO US AT: P.O.BOX 56-031, AUCKLAND 3, NEW ZEALAND!

GARY GROTH THINKS  
HE'S THE EDITOR  
OF...

# ZOOT!

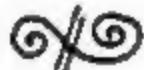
## Number Six



by ANDREW &  
ROGER LANGRIDGE

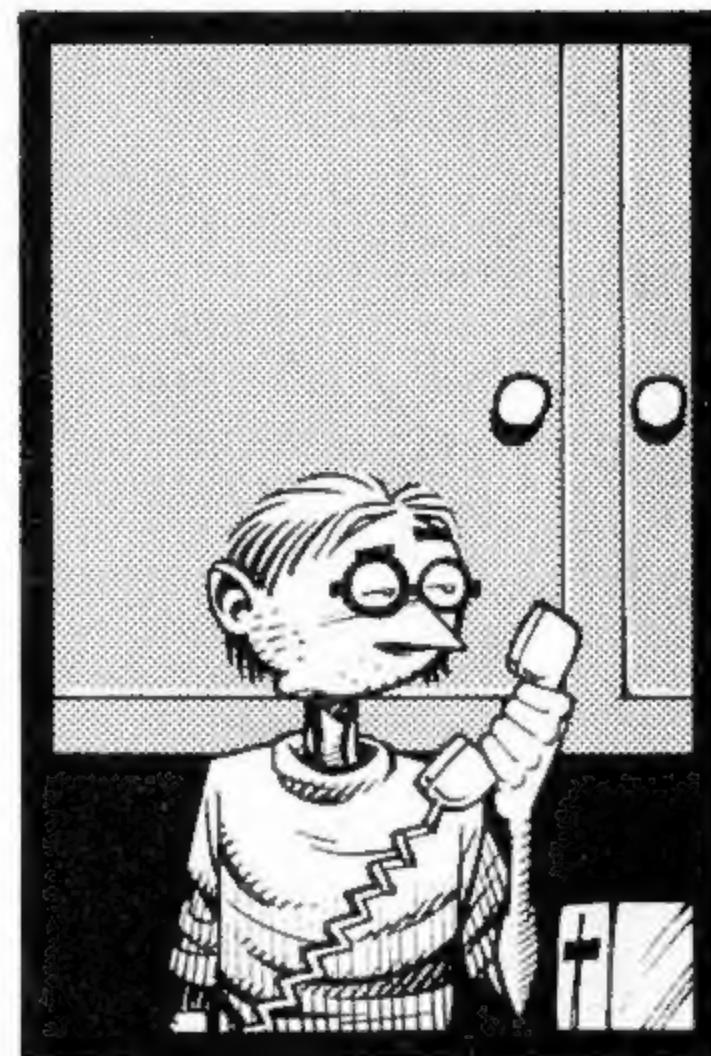
### The INCONTINENCE PAGE :

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- MORE REAL PEOPLE ~ A true story. Eek. BC

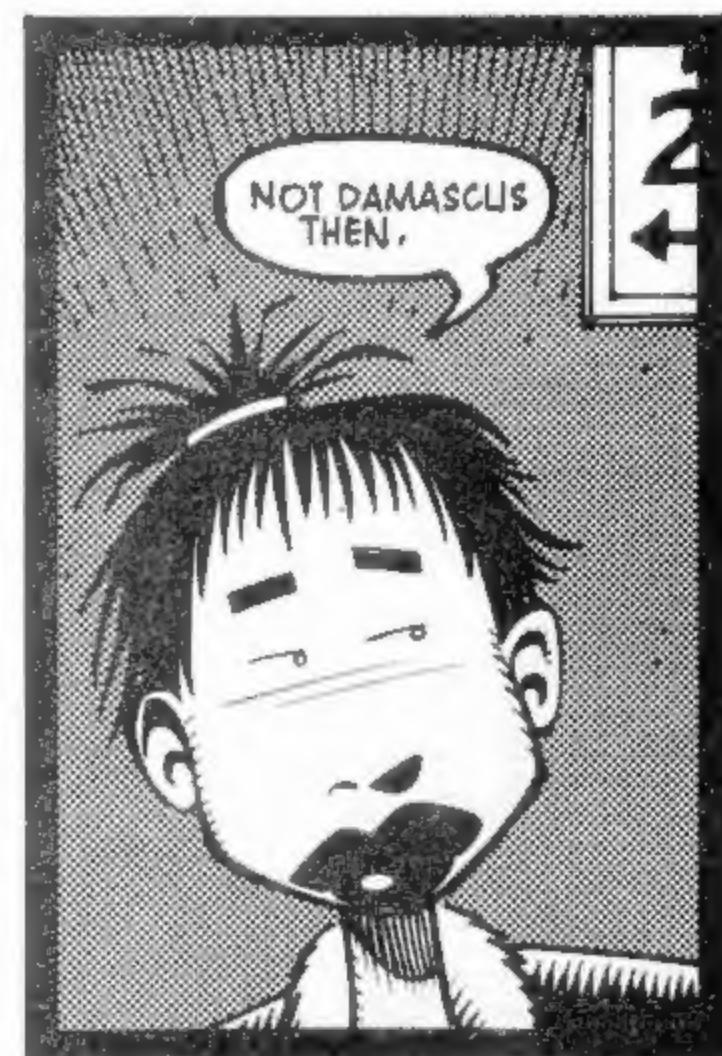
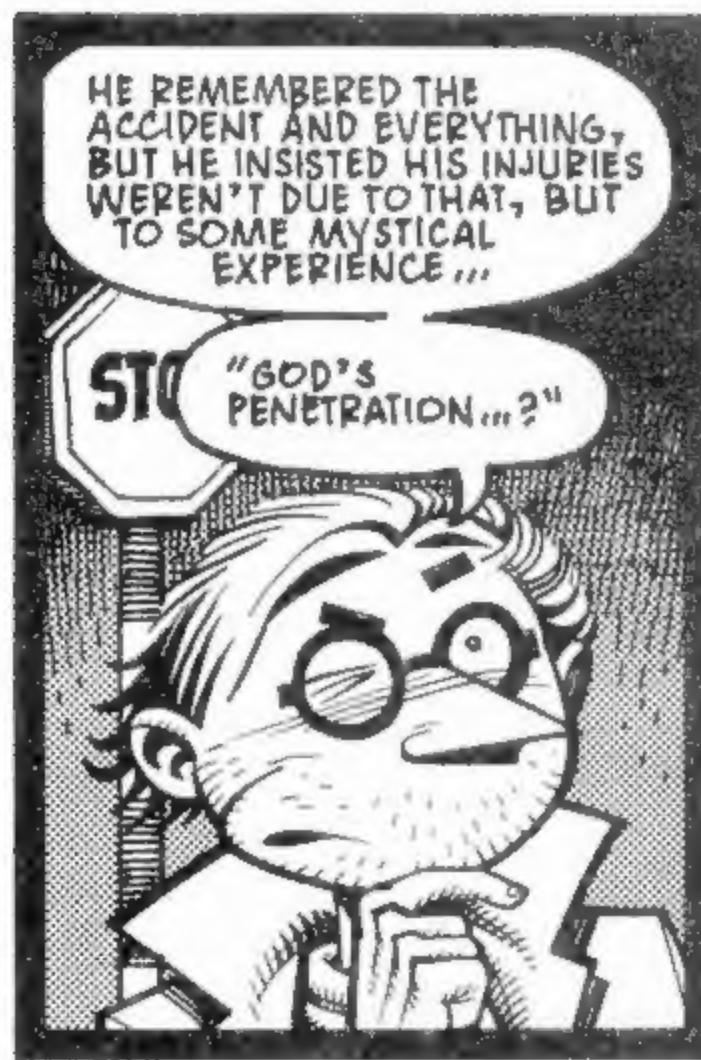


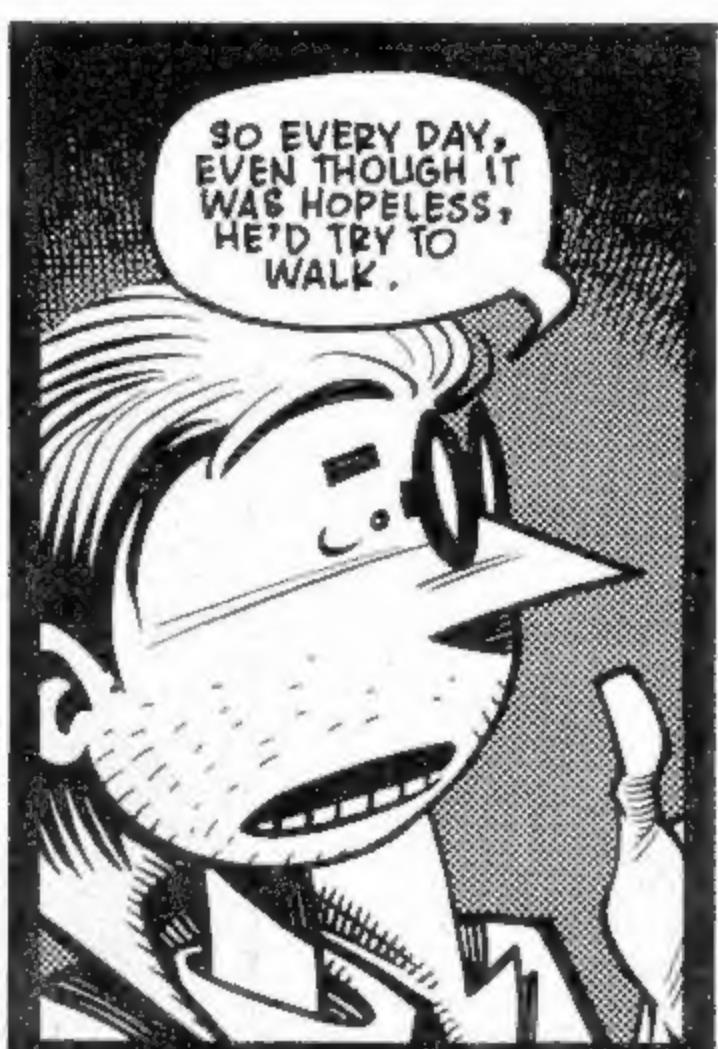
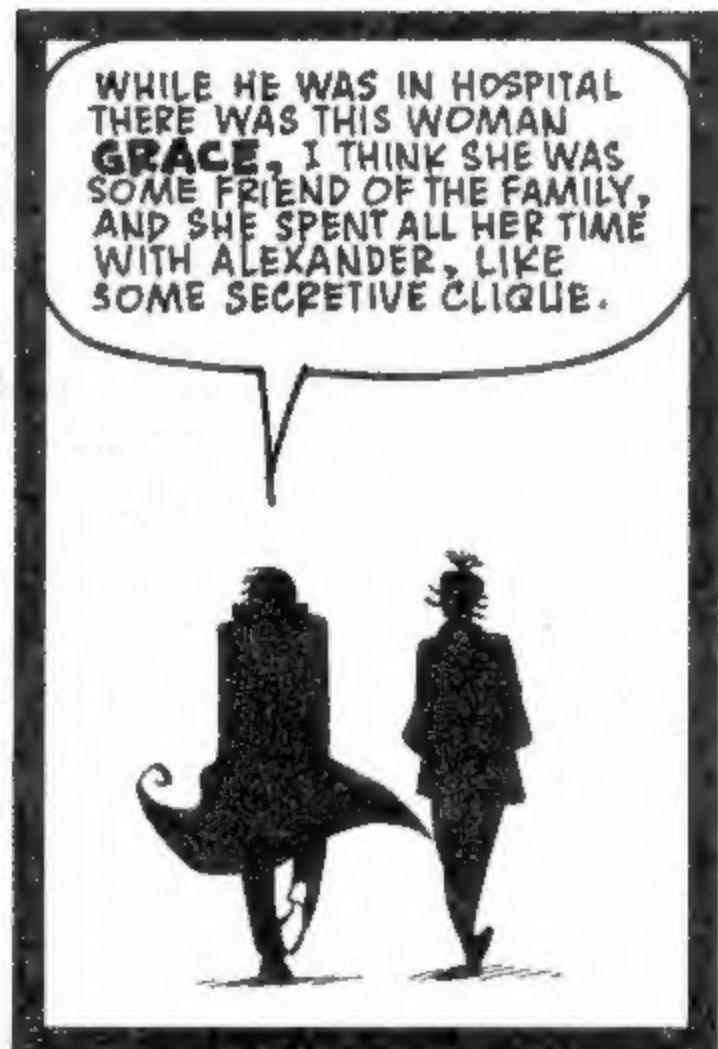
# THE LETTER

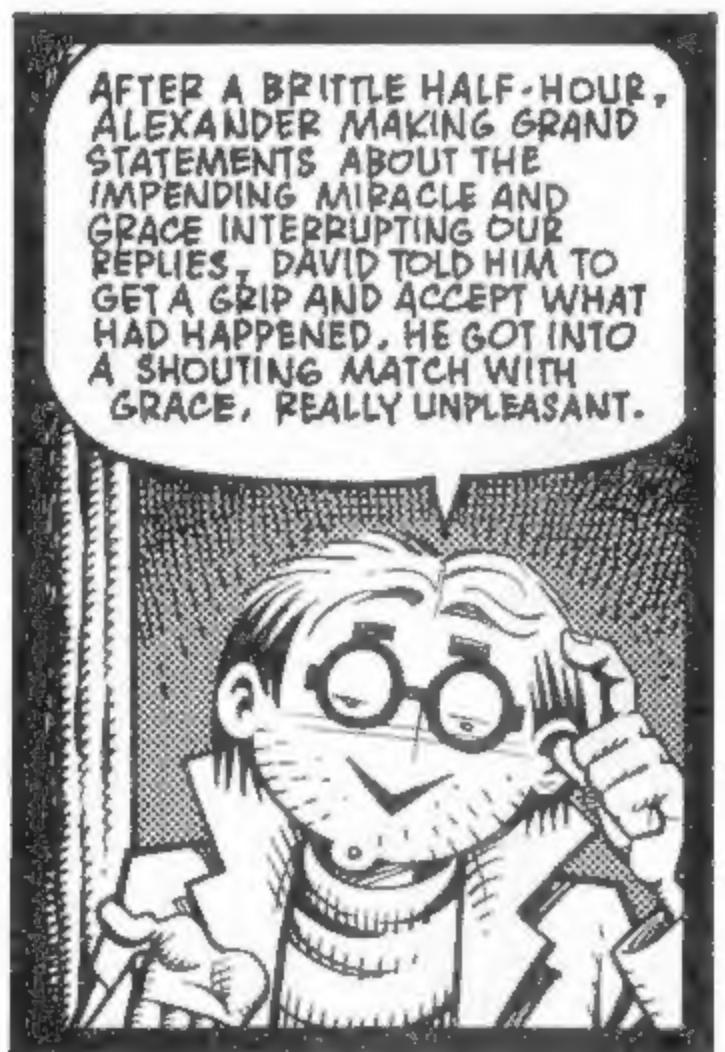
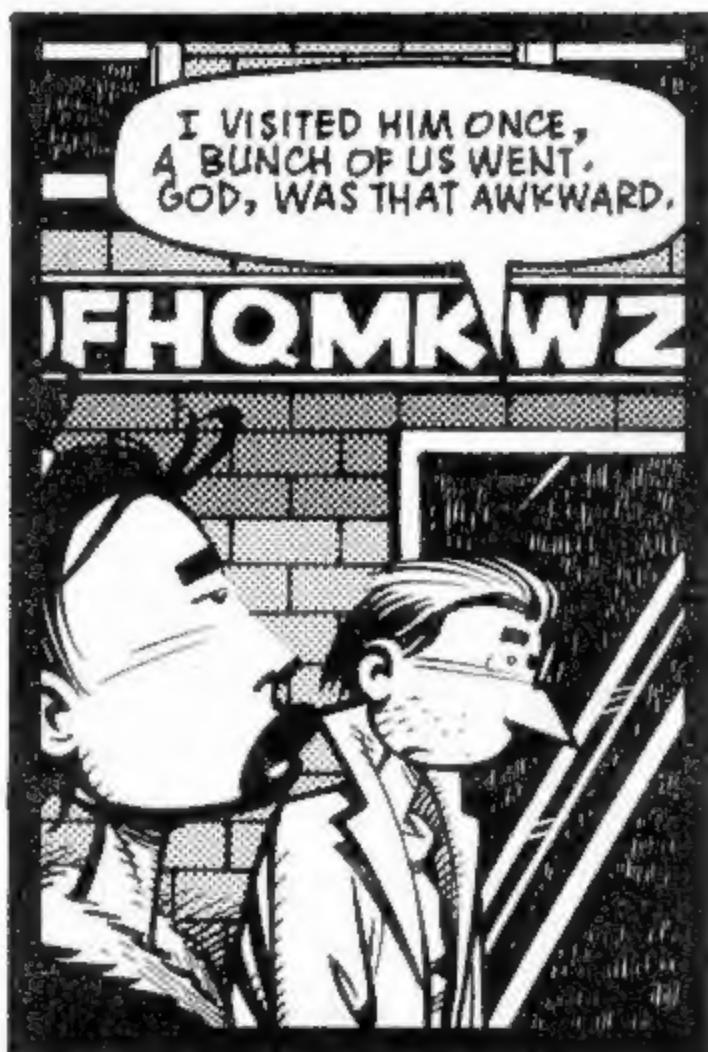
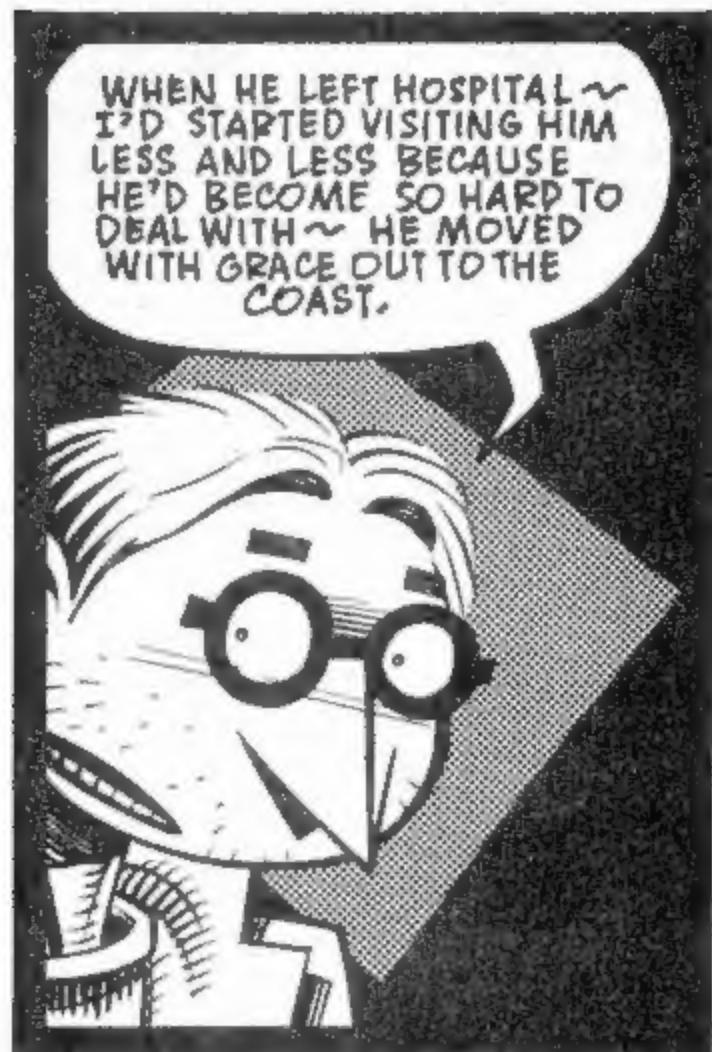
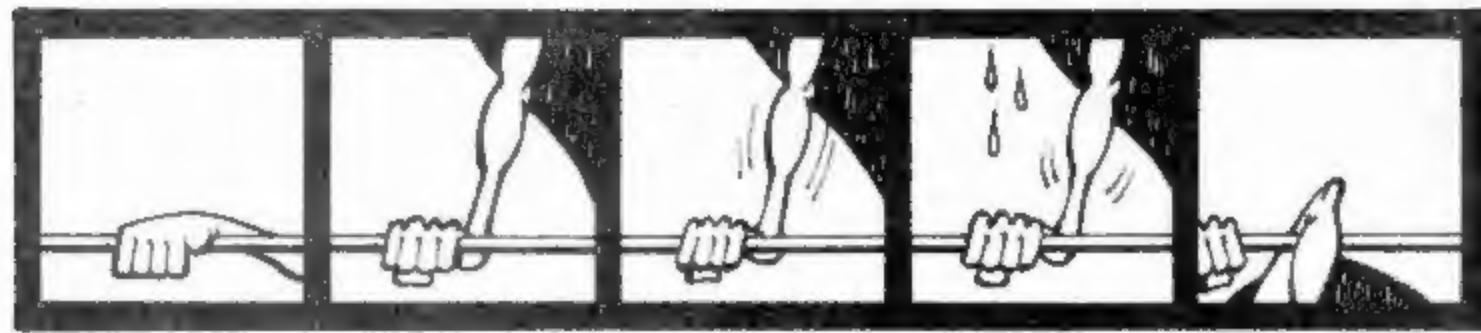












I AGREED OF COURSE, BUT I  
WAS JUST MORTIFIED, I  
COULDN'T SAY A THING,  
ANYWAY, GRACE ORDERED  
US OUT BECAUSE OF OUR  
'HOSTILE VIBRATIONS,' BUT  
ALEXANDER CALLED ME BACK

AND  
SAID



YOU'RE NOT THE SAME AS  
THEM, HE SAID, I CAN TELL.  
YOU'RE NOT THE FAITHLESS  
MUCK THEY ARE. I'LL TELL  
YOU WHAT. I'LL SEND YOU  
A SIGN, I'LL GIVE YOU  
MY MIRACLE.



I'VE HEARD FROM HIM  
OCCASIONALLY SINCE,  
MOSTLY FERVID DOUBLETALK.  
IT'S WORST WHEN HE'S  
BEEN FASTING.

HE HAS THESE  
VISIONS, HIS ANGER  
BECOMES ALMOST  
PHYSICAL.

WHAT ABOUT  
THIS MORNING?  
WAS HE ANY  
DIFFERENT?

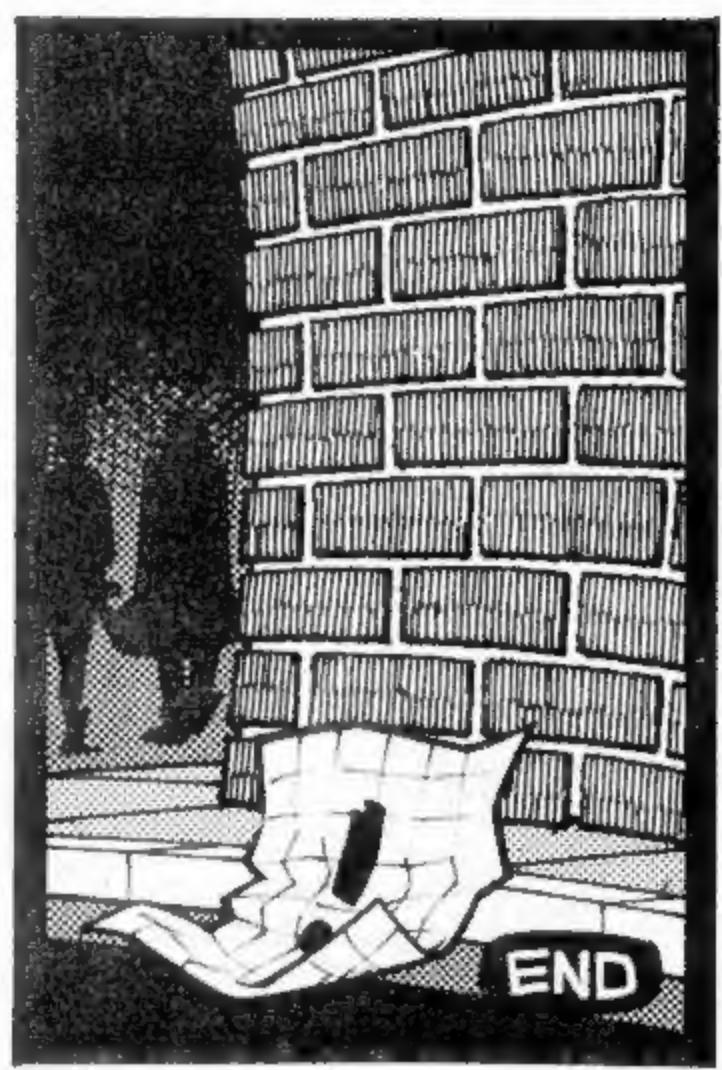
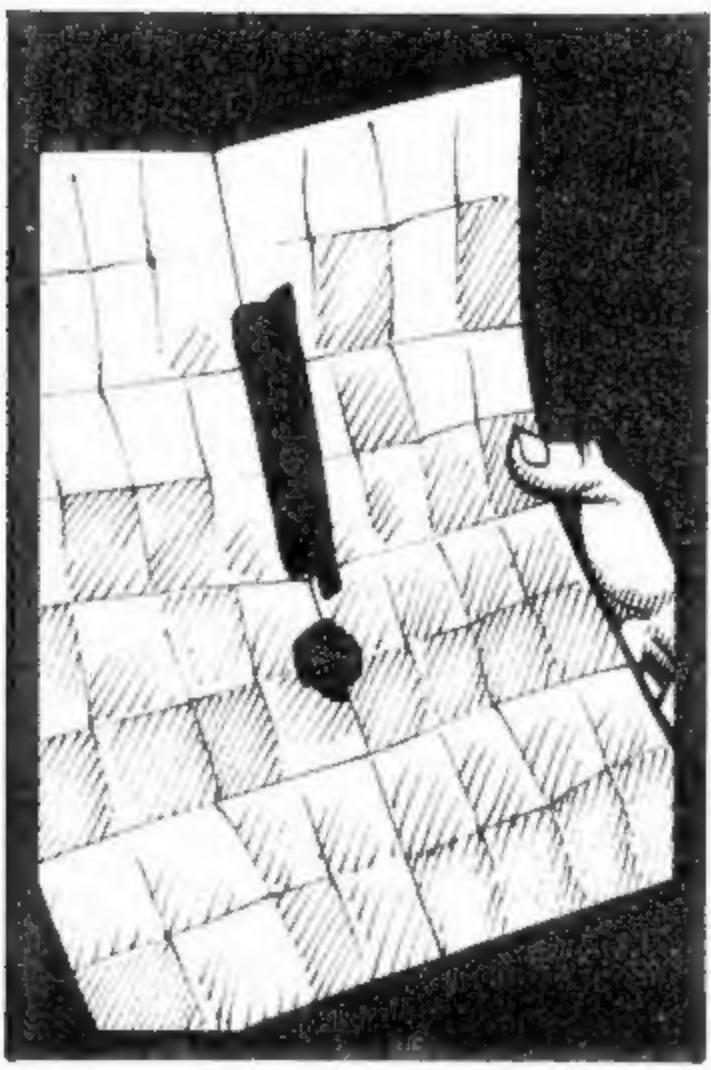
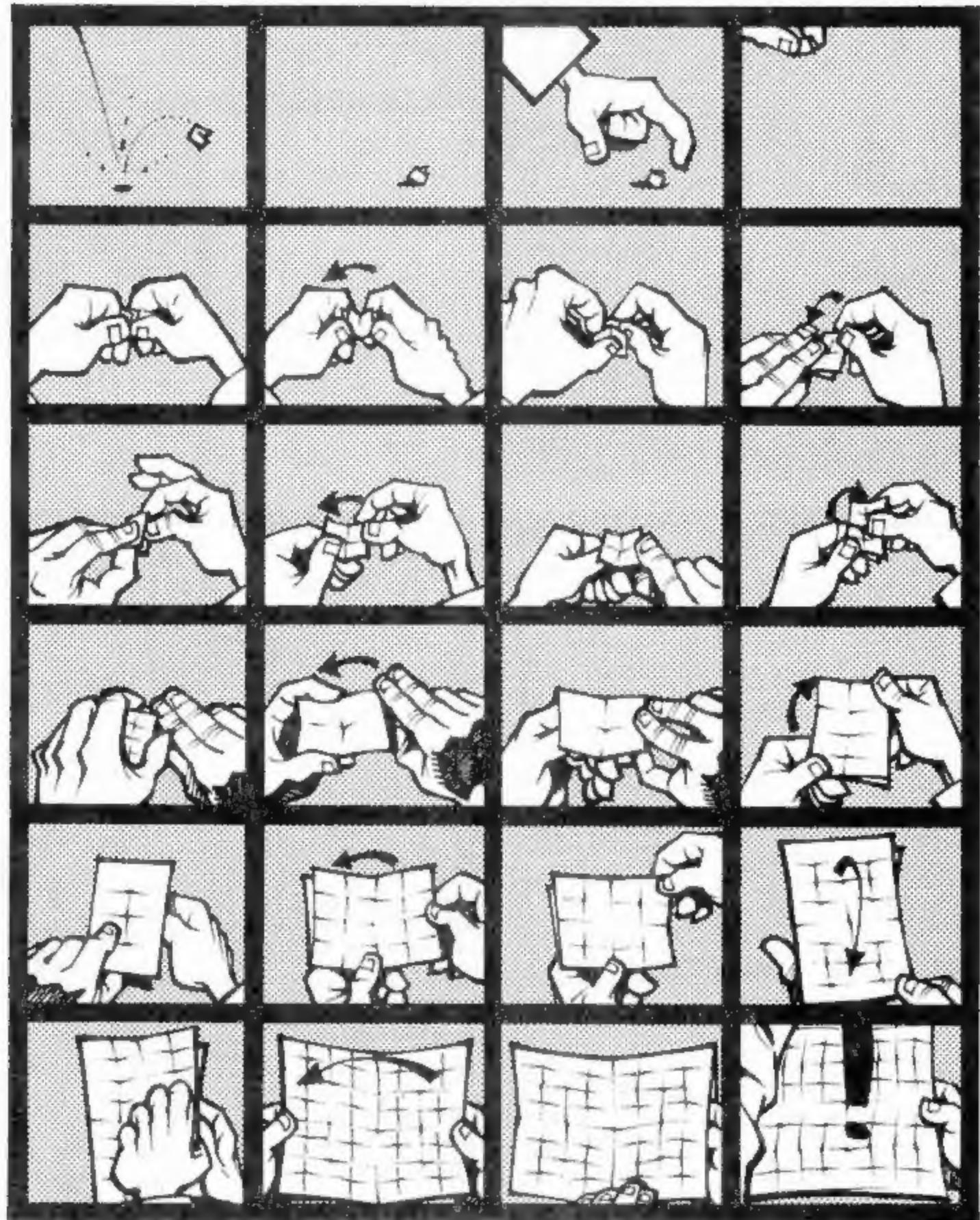


NO,  
CRAZY.



IT'S  
EMPTY.





# BLAKMAD!

CONGRATULATIONS! YOU HAVE  
JUST DEFACED A POTENTIALLY  
VALUABLE COLLECTORS' ITEM  
COMICS MAGAZINE!

FOLD HERE

KINDLY SEND ME THE FOLLOWING  
FABULOUS CARTOON TREASURES  
AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT, MY MAN!

<input type="checkbox"/> ART d'ECCO 1	\$2.75
<input type="checkbox"/> ART d'ECCO 2	2.75
<input type="checkbox"/> ART d'ECCO 3	2.75
<input type="checkbox"/> ART d'ECCO 4	2.75
<input type="checkbox"/> KNUCKLES 1	2.50
<input type="checkbox"/> KNUCKLES 2	2.50
<input type="checkbox"/> LEATHER UNDERWEAR	2.50
<input type="checkbox"/> ZOOT! 1	2.50
<input type="checkbox"/> ZOOT! 2	2.50
<input type="checkbox"/> ZOOT! 3	2.50
<input type="checkbox"/> ZOOT! 4	2.50
<input type="checkbox"/> ZOOT! 5	2.50

I ENCLOSE \$ \_\_\_\_\_ PLUS \$2 POSTAGE  
(\$3 OUTSIDE THE USA) FOR THE ITEMS I  
HAVE TICKED, BECAUSE THAT'S HOW SAD I AM.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_

STICK IT IN AN ENVELOPE AND SEND IT TO:

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS  
7563 LAKE CITY WAY NE  
SEATTLE, WA 98115  
U.S.A!

PUFFY CUTTY  
SCISSORS

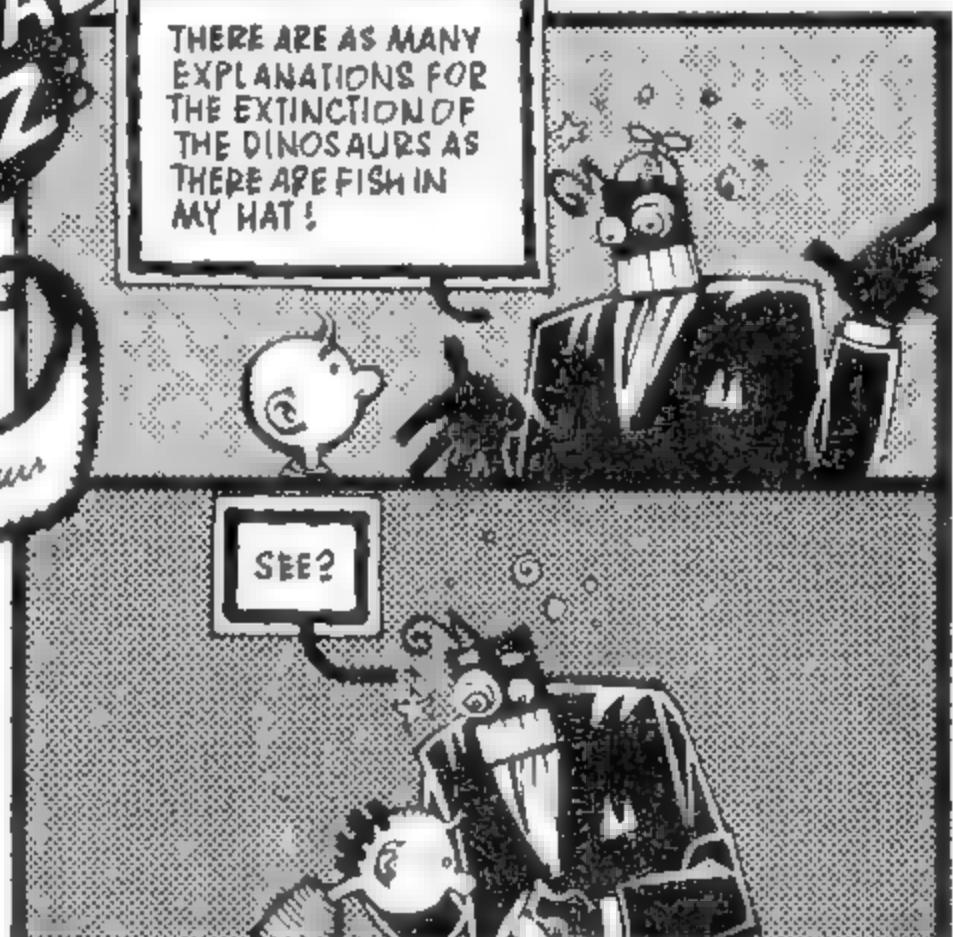
BETTER BUY ANOTHER  
PRISTINE COPY RIGHT  
AWAY, AND WHILE  
YOU'RE AT IT, WHY  
NOT STOCK UP ON  
THESE OTHER  
**'RARE AS  
HEN'S TEETH'**  
INVESTMENTS!

OTHERWISE ~  
WE EXPOSE  
**MORE SKIN!**



ART  
NOUVEAU  
SEZ

THERE ARE AS MANY  
EXPLANATIONS FOR  
THE EXTINCTION OF  
THE DINOSAURS AS  
THERE ARE FISH IN  
MY HAT!



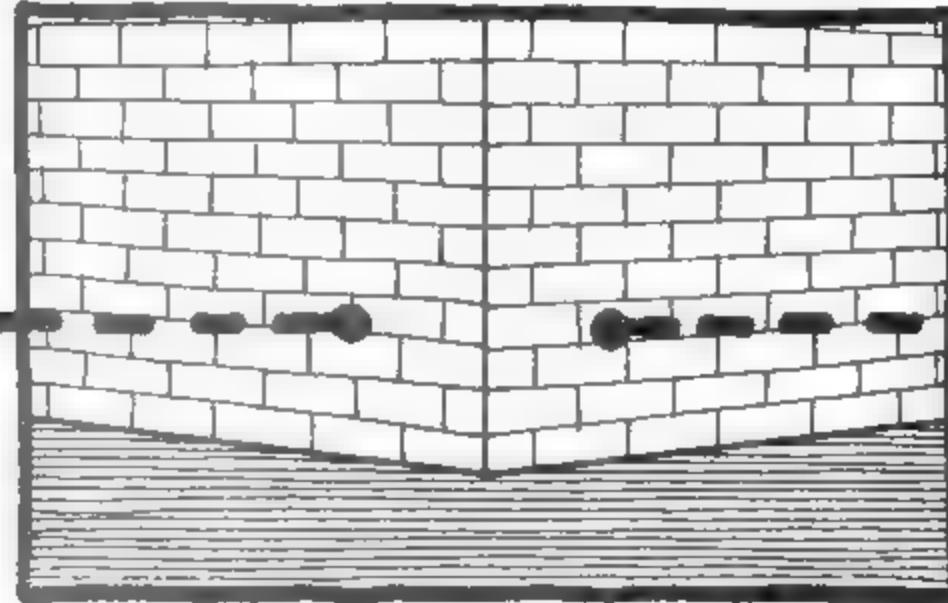
# A Dictionary of Oubliettes

Missuses and Misters.  
I thank you for your attention  
and your patience. Today we  
examine the very interesting  
subject of French social  
customs, especially the  
oubliette.

This family are  
the words for  
meetings frustrated  
and missed. The  
most well-known  
but not the most  
common of these  
is the 'oubliette'.

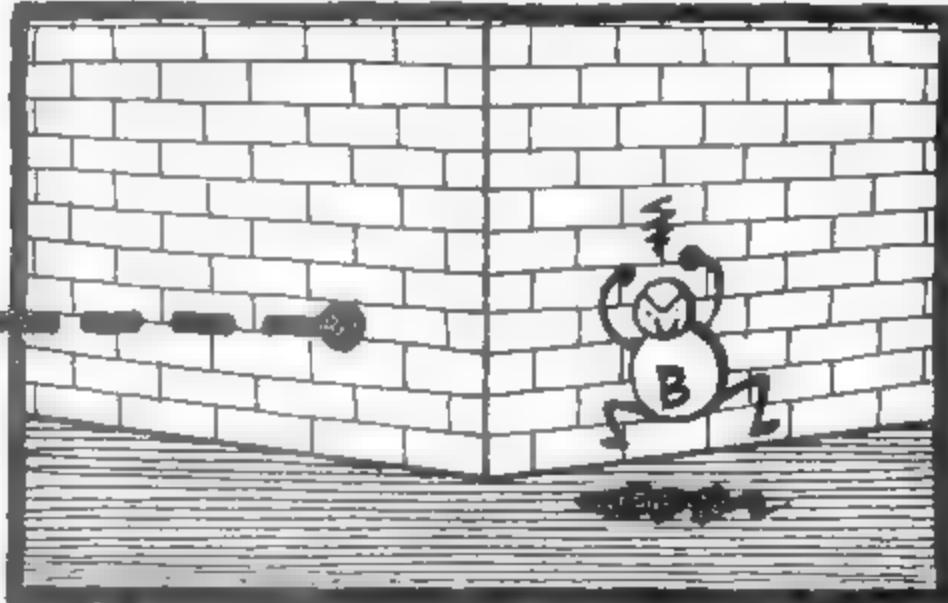
DUBLIETTE

'Une oubliette' is an unimportant un-meeting. If you  
agree to meet your friend and forget to meet your friend,  
but it is of no importance, this is an oubliette. For example,  
he forgot to meet also or was killed by a train.

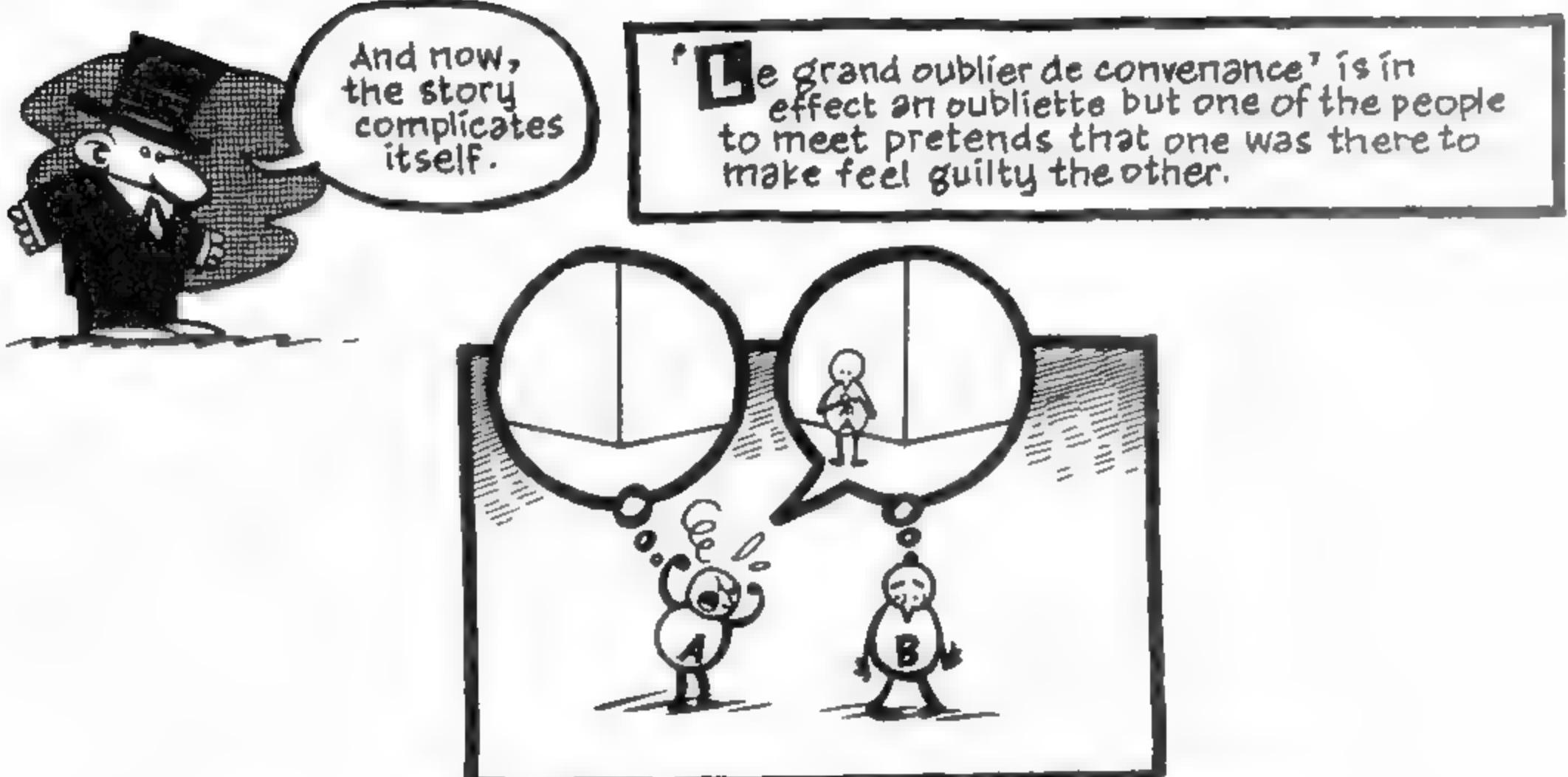


## UNE OUBLIEtte

On the other-hand, 'le grand oublier' is the meeting that  
only one person forgets and the other becomes angry.



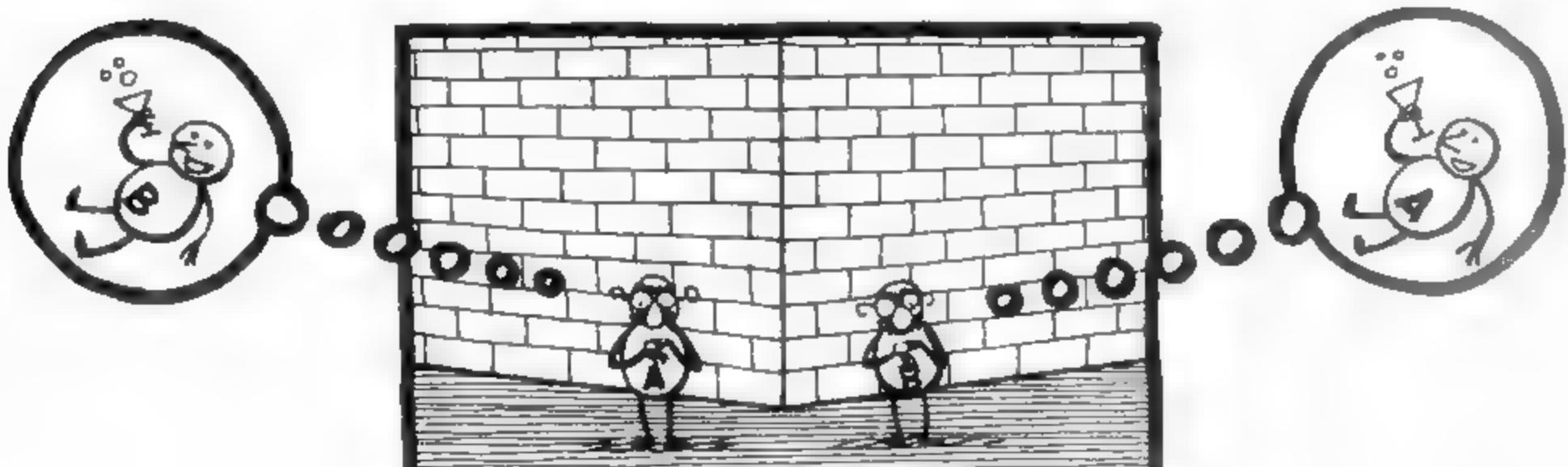
## Le GRAND OUBLIER



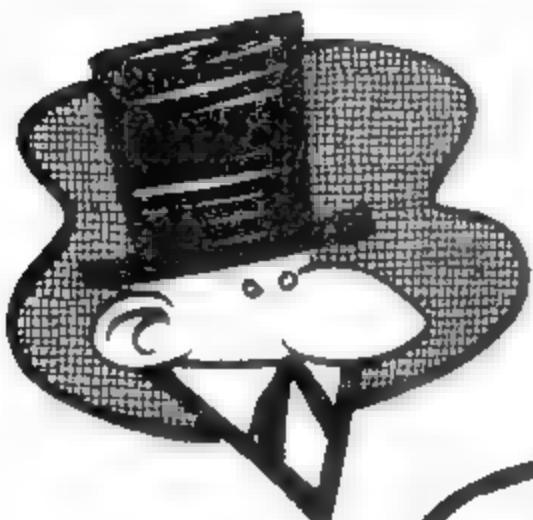
## Le GRAND OUBLIER de CONVENANCE



**L**e grand oublier-faux' is the meeting that is a meeting but is unsuccessful because the people do not recognise the other person. They meet but they think that they do not. Everybody returns to home disappointed.

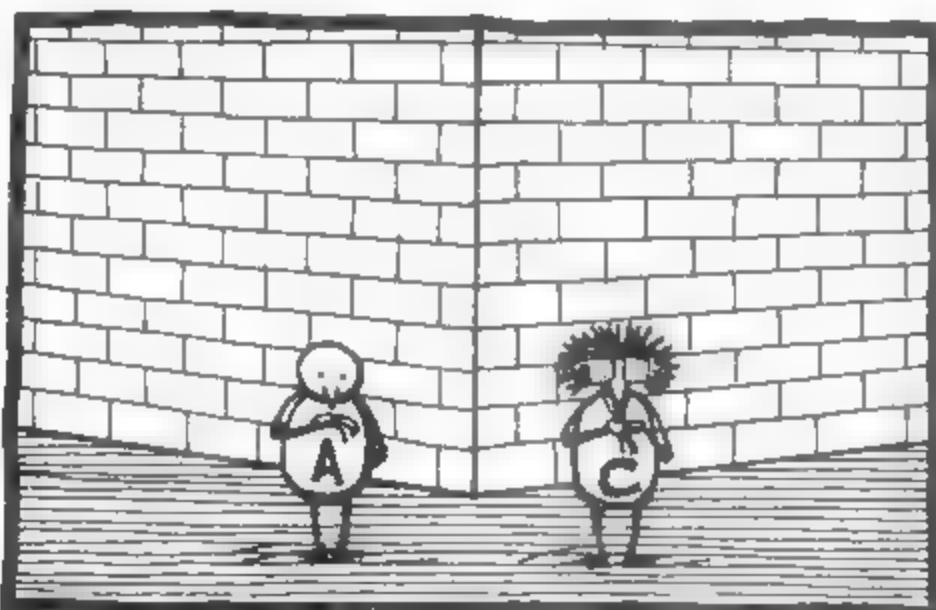
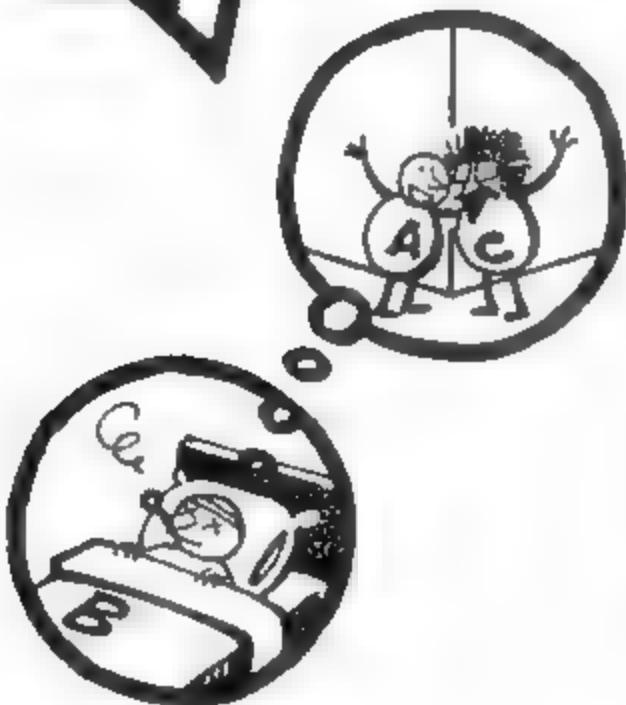


## Le GRAND OUBLIER-FAUx



On the other hand, 'le grand oublier étranger' is a relation of 'le grand oublier-faux' because once more there is the meeting but it does not succeed.

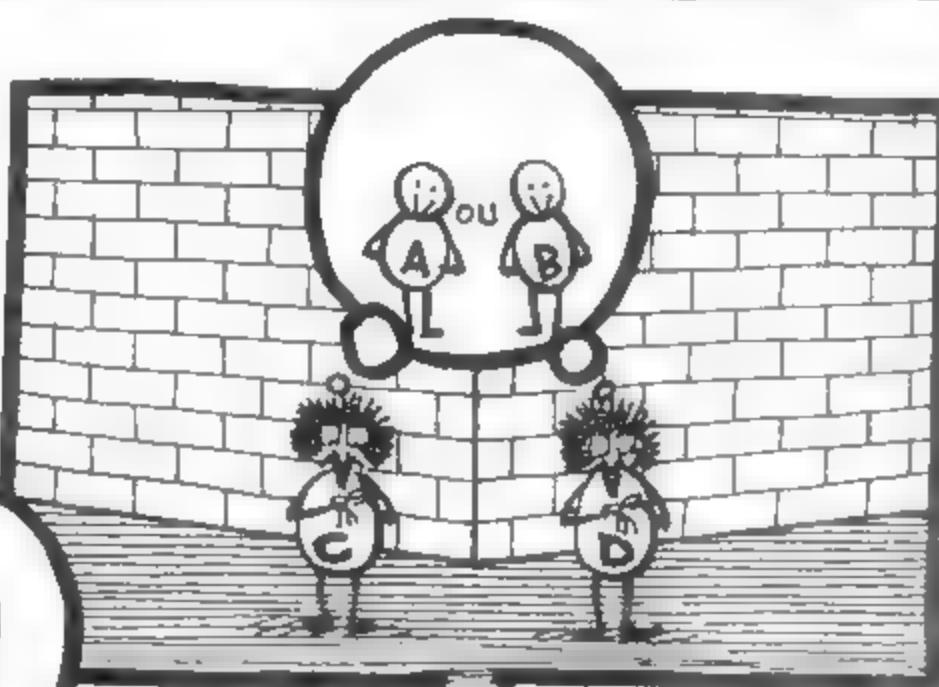
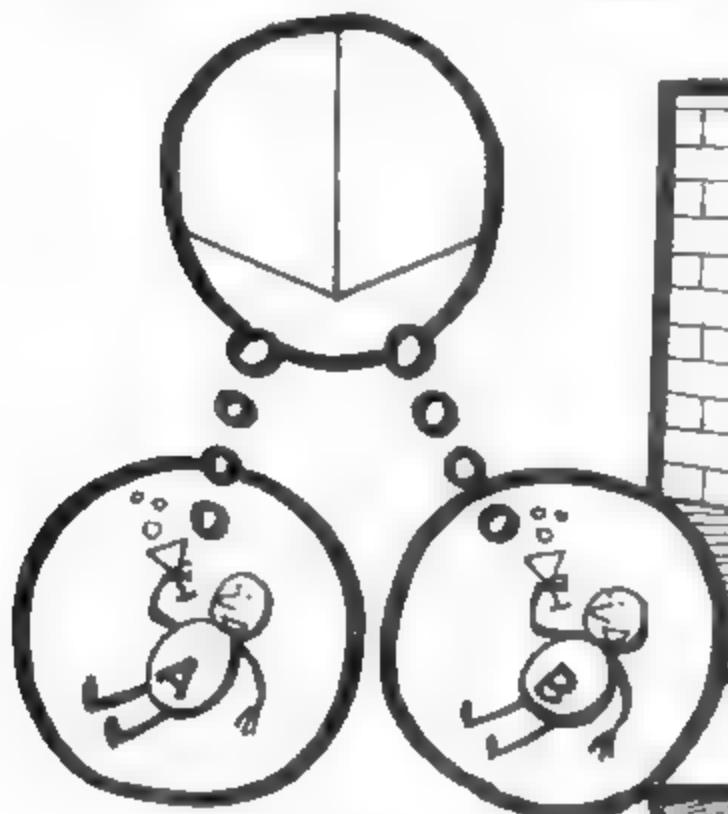
Here one of the meeters sends a friend in his place but the two people do not realise that they are the two people to meet.



## Le GRAND OUBLIER ÉTRANGER

Finally, 'le grand oublier extraordinaire', a variation on 'le grand oublier étranger'.

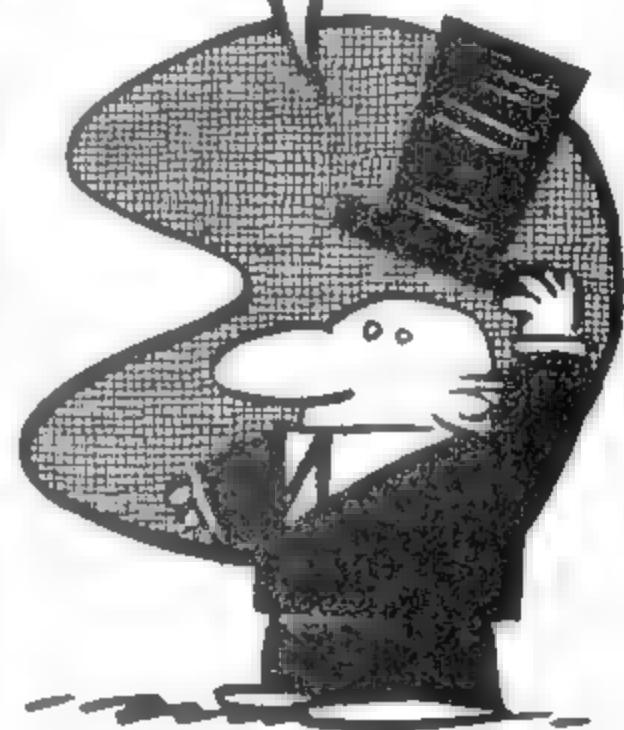
Two people arrange a meeting. They each invite a different friend. The original pair cancel the meeting but forget to tell their different friends. The different friends go to the meeting place and find nobody known. They chat a little, they forget their original plans and decide to enjoy themselves together. But they never learn that they were intended to meet the other.



I thank you  
for your attention.  
I hope that I may  
explore further the  
delights and  
dangers of  
idiomatic French  
with you more  
later.



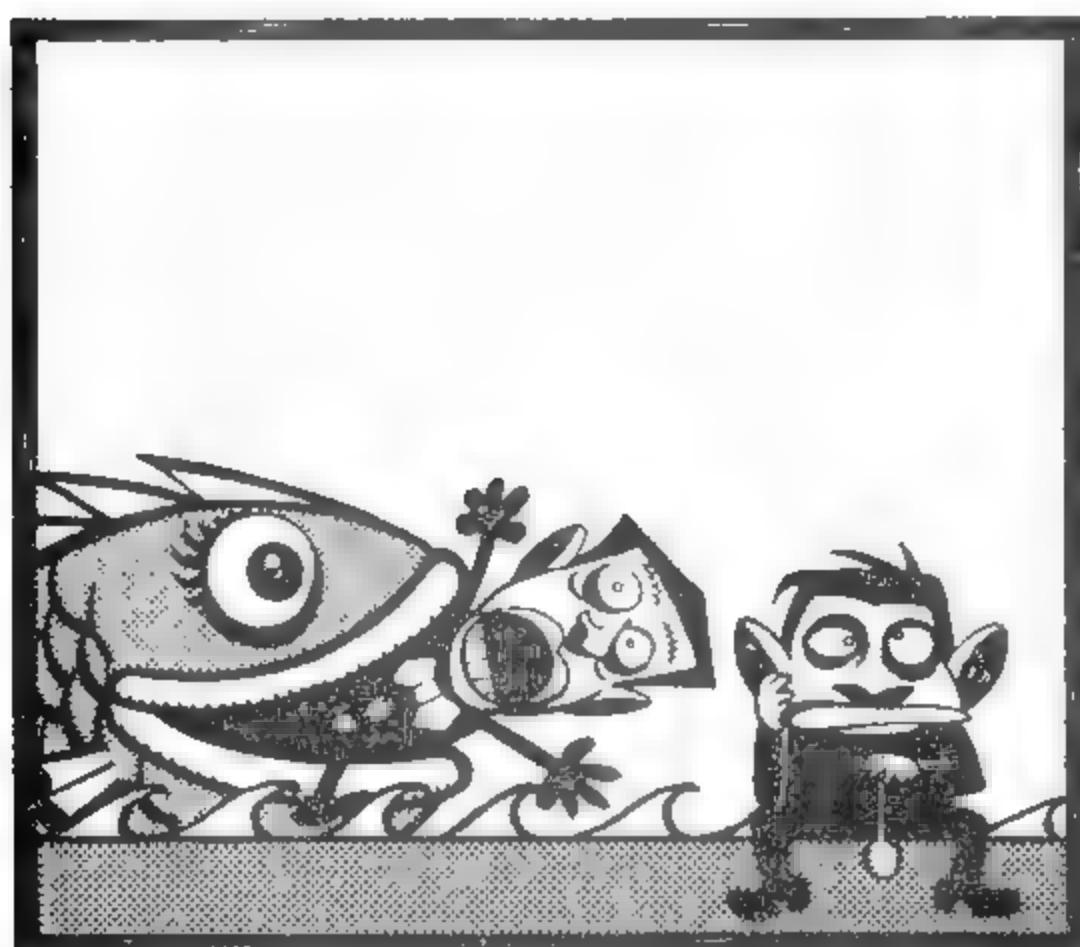
## Le GRAND OUBLIER EXTRA- ORDINAIRE



FIN

# LAUGH

WITH THOSE WACKY  
TIME TRAVELLERS



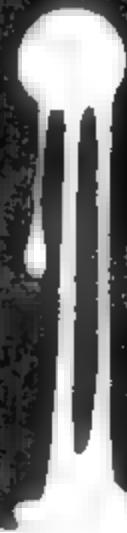
RIGHT NOW FOR FREE BROCHURE

# THE JOURNEY HALFWAY 5

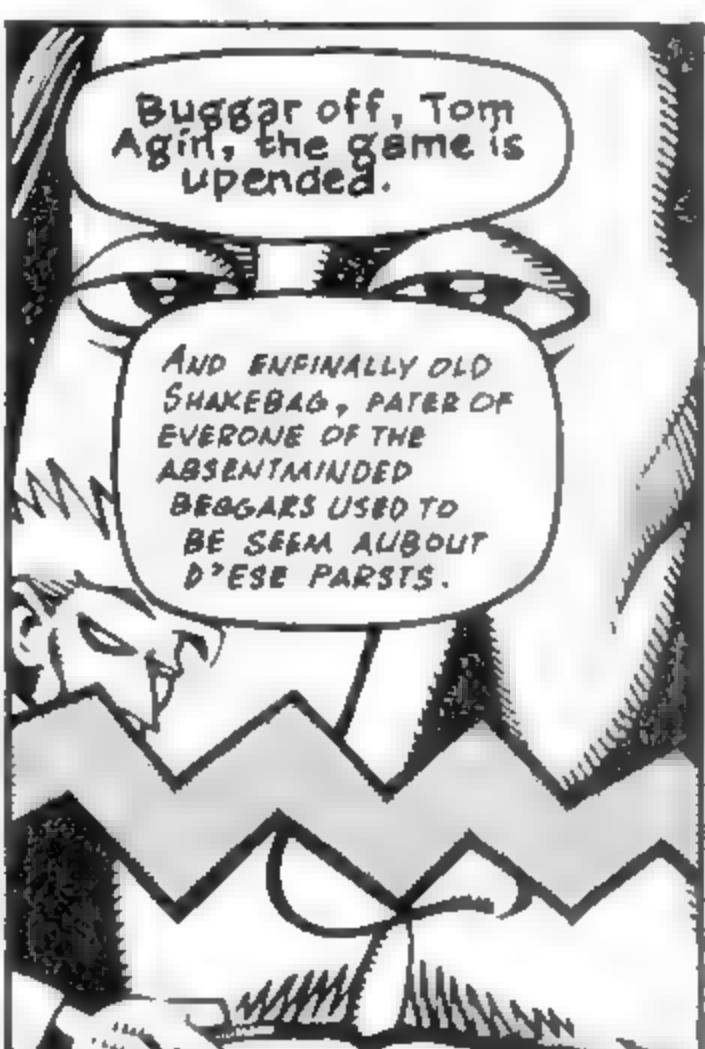
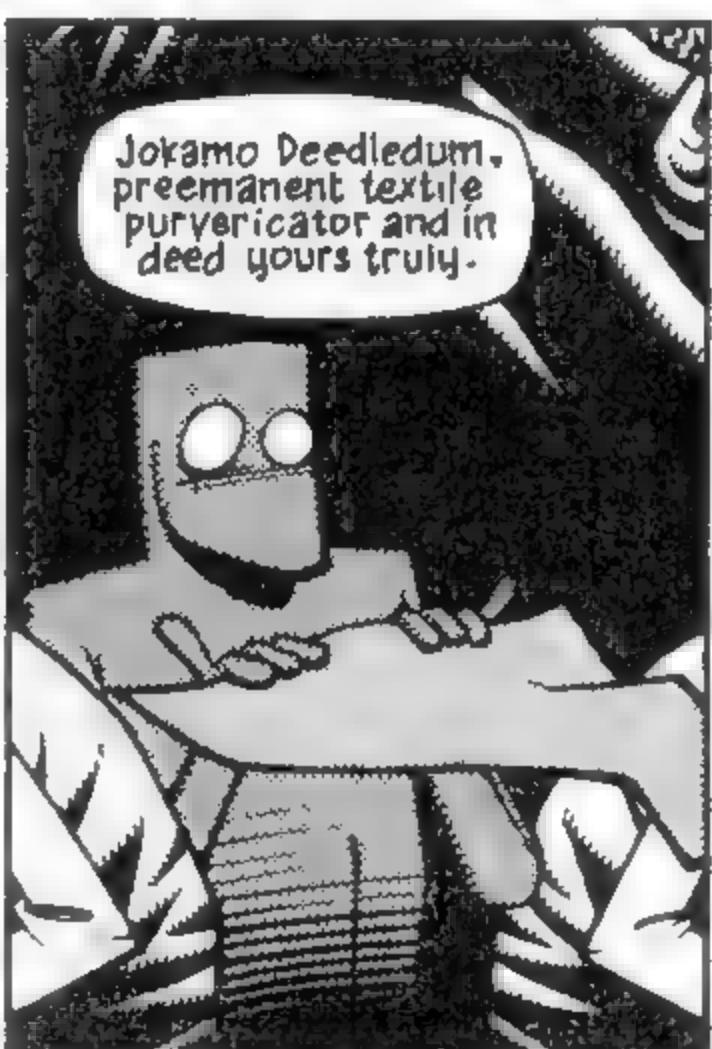
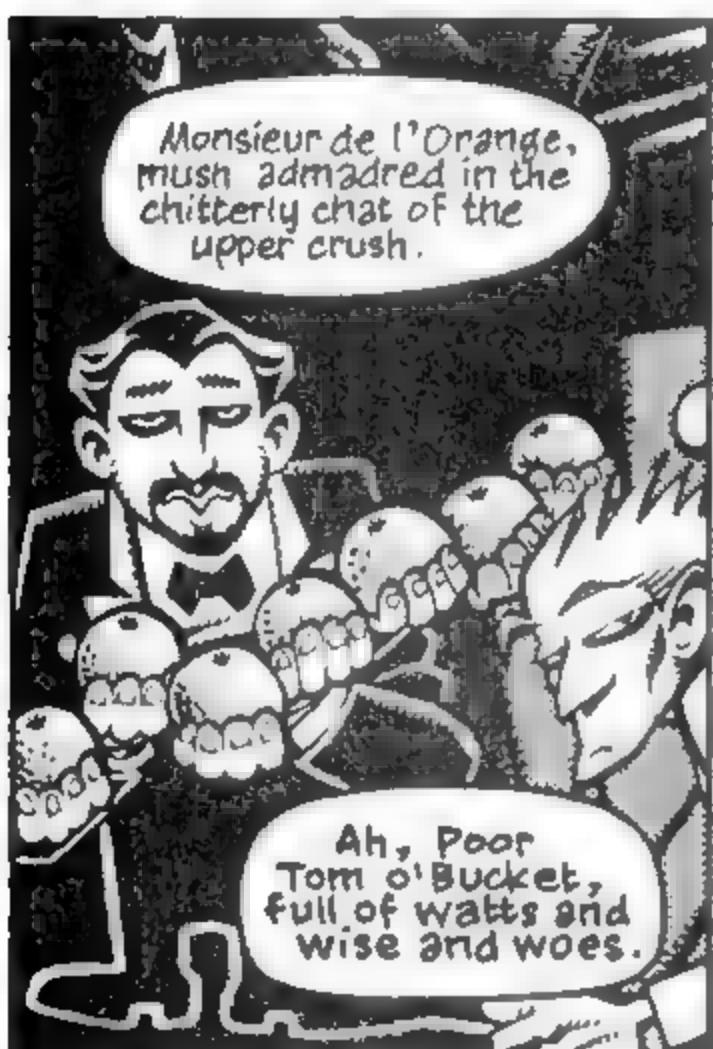
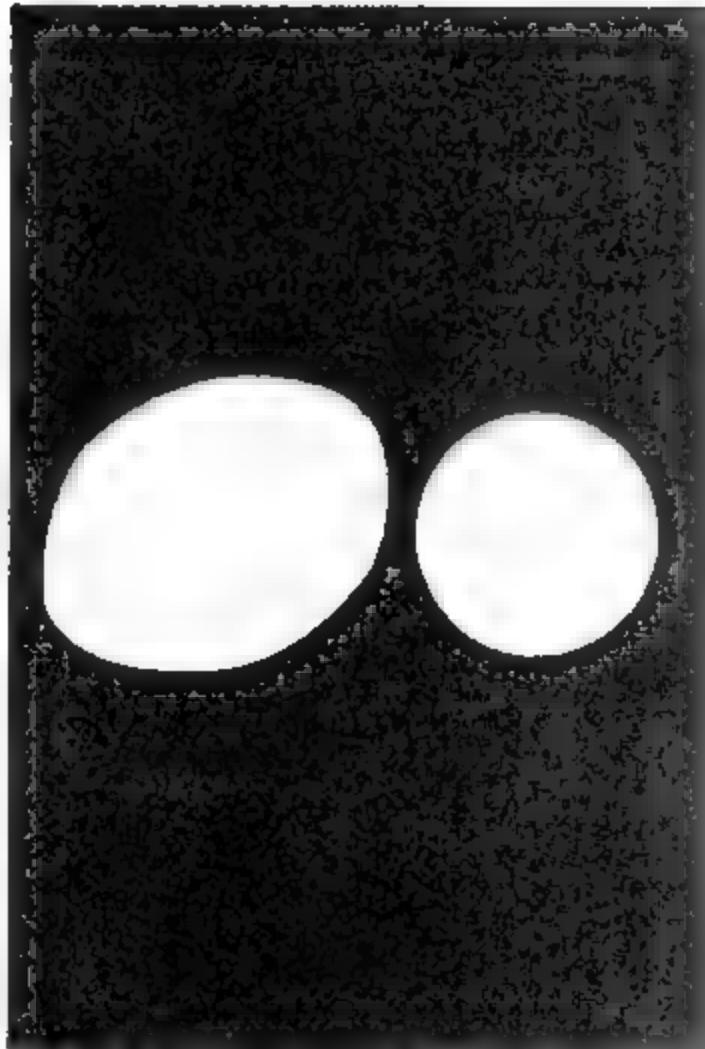
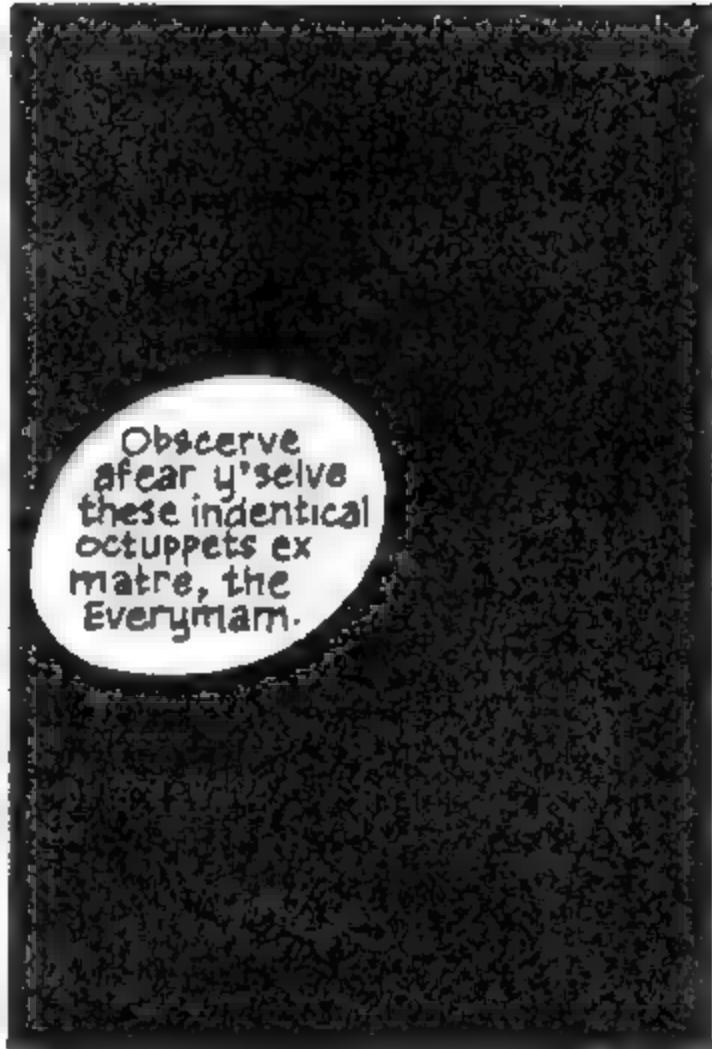
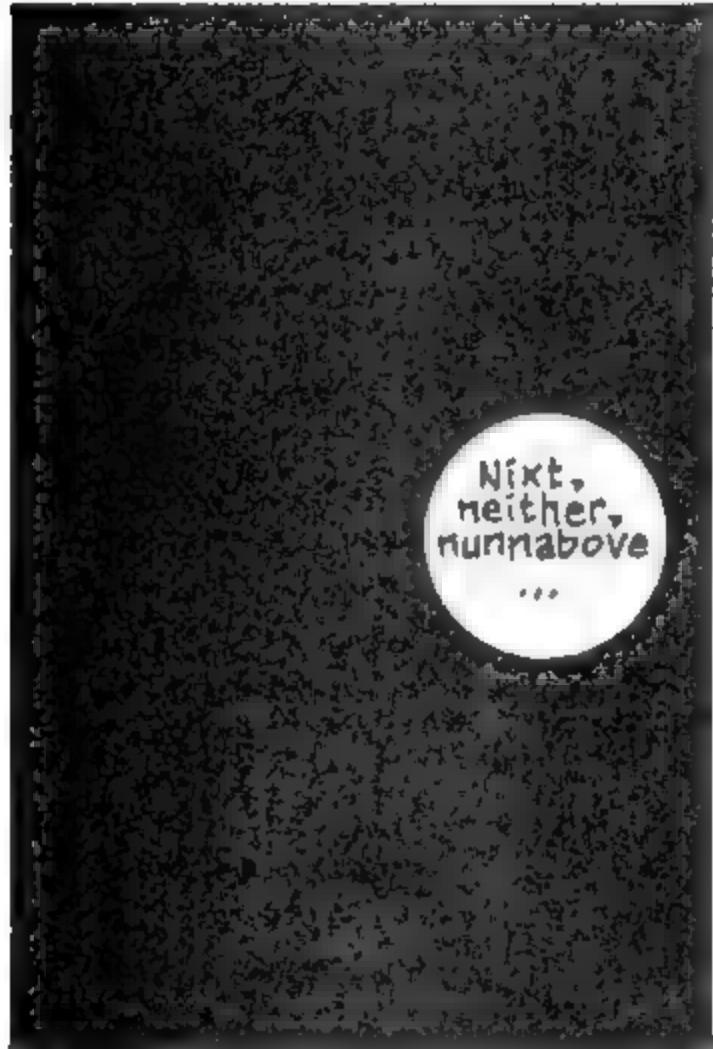
PREPARE THE  
ANAESTHETIC.



IT'S  
LUCKY FOR  
HIM THAT  
AMBULANCE  
WAS THERE



IS THIS  
HEAVEN  
OR HELL?



AND ENFINALLY OLD  
SHAKEBAG, PATER OF  
EVERONE OF THE  
ABSENTMINDED  
BEGARS USED TO  
BE SEEN AUBOUT  
D'ESE PARSTS.

ALL THESE  
PEOPLE, I  
DON'T  
UNDERSTAND  
!!

Too populess?  
"There's nobody here  
but our two selves."

Wi cound uncessantly  
carriontinue reperting  
anon the semblings of  
Shakebucket et all. But  
to tell the tale at all  
entales returns to  
trivialitease all  
thoughtured trattle o'  
t' tongue, for threef  
or five (nine ten twinity)  
freres throngforth (in  
the fast pace) from the  
singletarious simpleteous  
Veryman.

Likelywise thou, thou  
instance, thou Art that  
conseals art.

Art thyself thy beastfriend  
and allquaintants sameone.  
Alone alone.

ALL THESE  
PEOPLE, I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND!!

Too populess?  
"There's nobody here  
but our two selves."

END CHAPTER FIVE

# SHIRLEY TEMPLE

©1993 BY ROGER LANGRIDGE

... SO THIS GUY GOES  
INTO A CHEMIST SHOP, RIGHT?  
HE'S IN THIS CHEMIST SHOP AND  
HE GOES UP TO THE COUNTER...

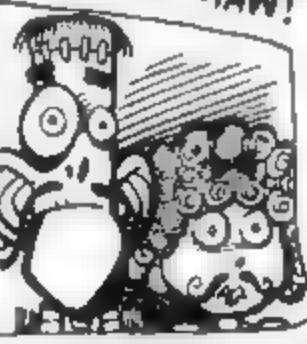
YOUR  
HORSE JUST  
DIED.

... AND HE SAYS TO THE  
CHEMIST, "HEY, I NEED  
THIS PRESCRIPTION FILLED  
REALLY BADLY, ONLY I  
CAN'T SEEM TO FIND IT. I  
DON'T KNOW WHAT I'VE  
DONE WITH IT." SO THE  
CHEMIST ASKS HIM, "WHEN  
WAS THE LAST TIME YOU  
REMEMBER HOLDING IT?"  
AND THE GUY SORT OF FROWNS  
AND SCRATCHES HIS HEAD...

I KNEW  
A COMEDIAN  
ONCE. IT'S  
TIMES LIKE  
THIS I REALLY  
MISS HIM.

IN WHICH

OUR HEROES  
ENGAGE WITH  
SPITOONS, WEAR  
SILLY HATS AND  
GENERALLY HAVE  
A KNEE-SLAPPIN',  
ROOTIN'-TOOTIN', OL'  
TIME, YEE-HAW!



... AND HE GOES, "OH, I  
REMEMBER, I LEFT IT ON MY  
KITCHEN TABLE WHEN I WENT  
HOME FOR LUNCH!" SO THE  
CHEMIST GOES, "LOOK, I  
REALLY SHOULDN'T DO THIS,  
BUT WHY DON'T YOU PHONE  
HOME AND GET ONE OF YOUR  
FLATMATES TO READ THE  
PRESCRIPTION OUT OVER THE  
PHONE? I'LL MAKE IT UP WHILE  
YOU WAIT." SO THE GUY  
THINKS ABOUT THIS FOR A  
SECOND...

AAUGH!  
I'VE LOST  
MY 3-D  
GLASSES!

... AND HE SAYS, "WELL,  
THANKS, BUT THAT'S NO  
GOOD. **MY FLATMATES  
WORK.**"

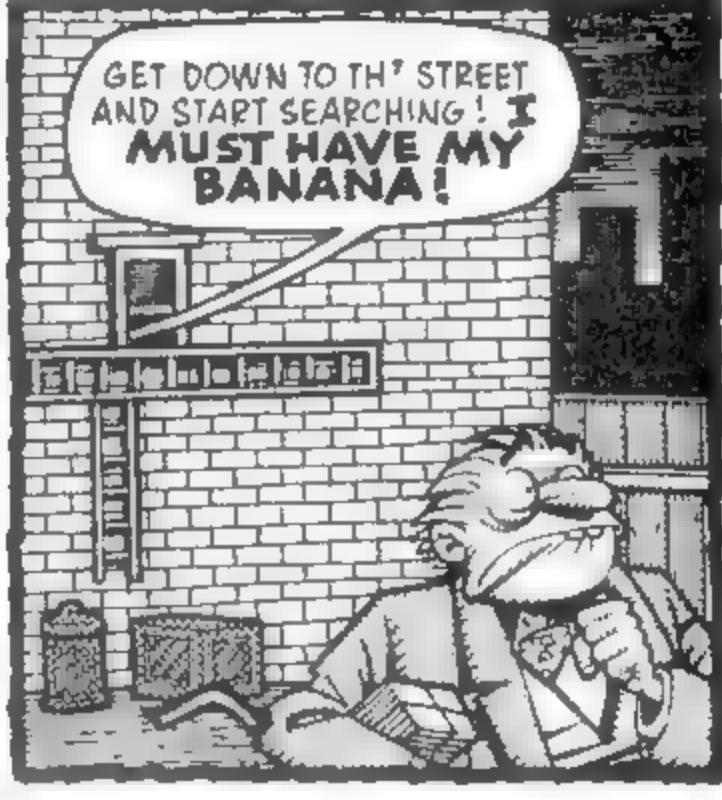
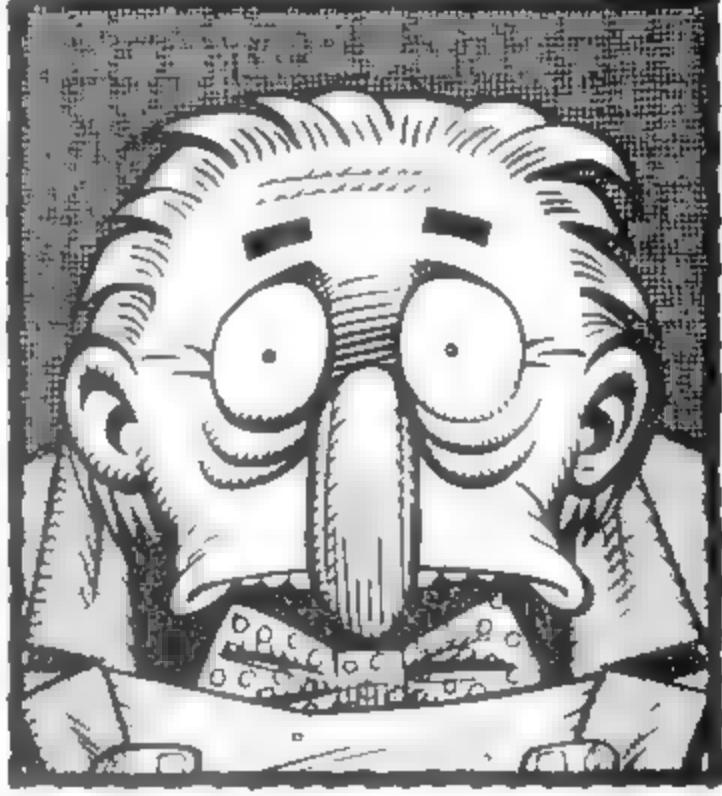
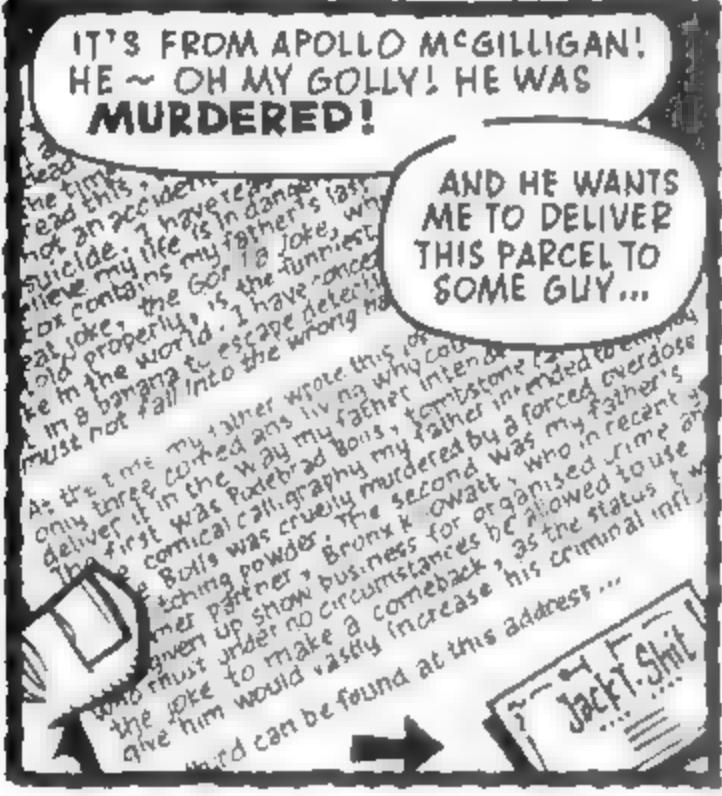
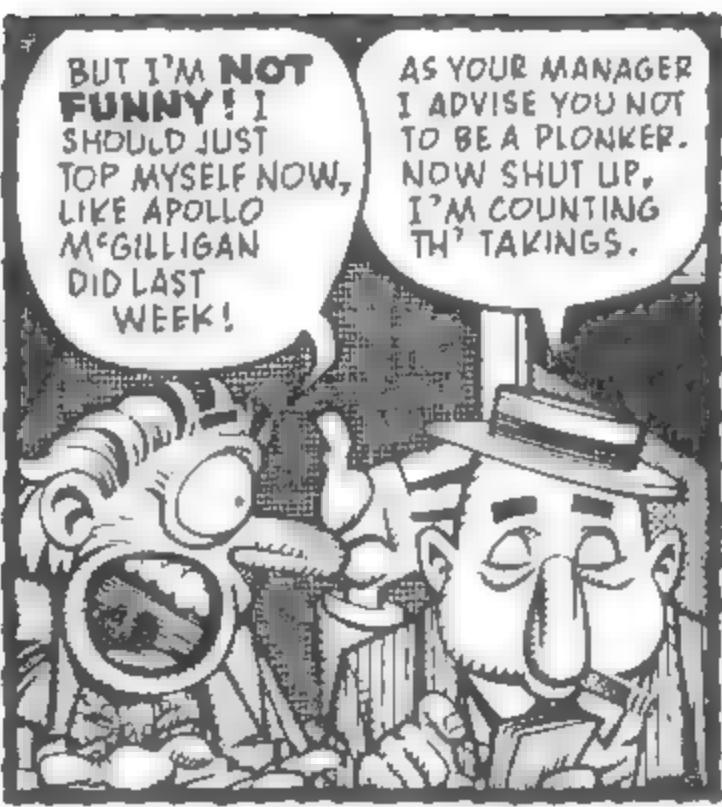
OF COURSE  
YOU REALISE  
THIS MEANS  
WAR.

CHAPTER  
TWO

# JACK T. SHIT and MISTER BICYCLE

BY  
ROGER  
LANGRIDGE



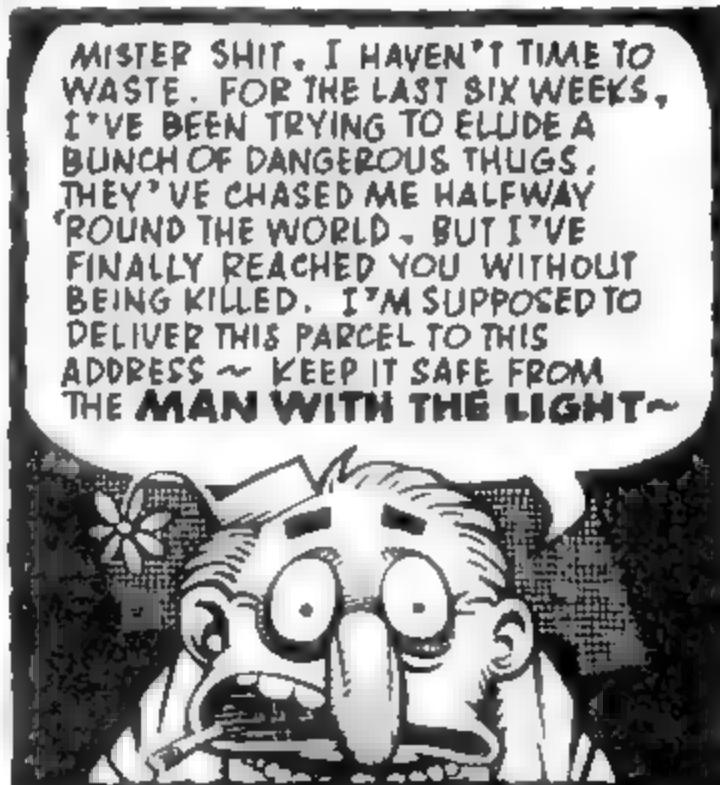
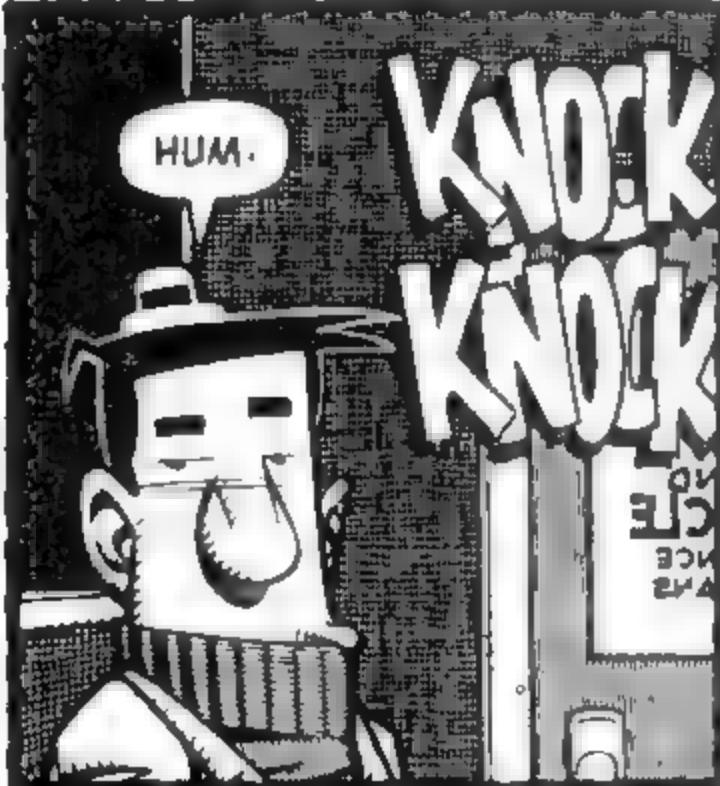
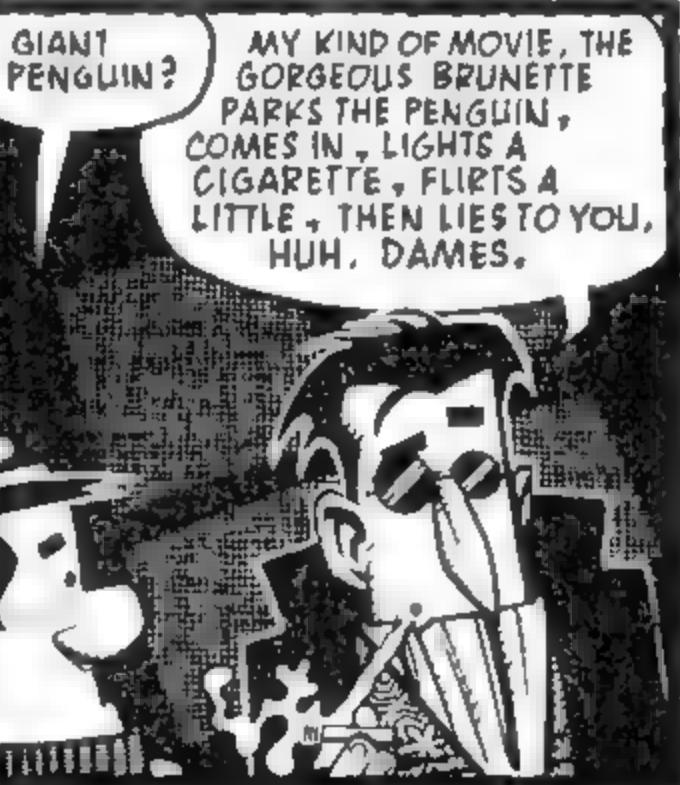
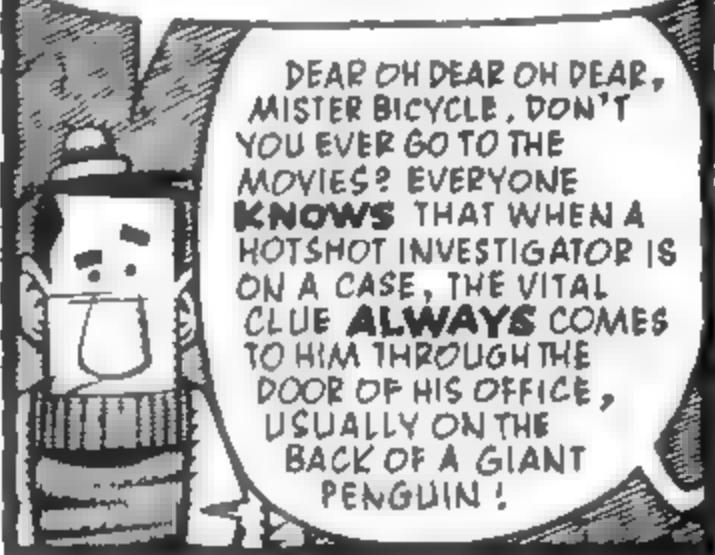
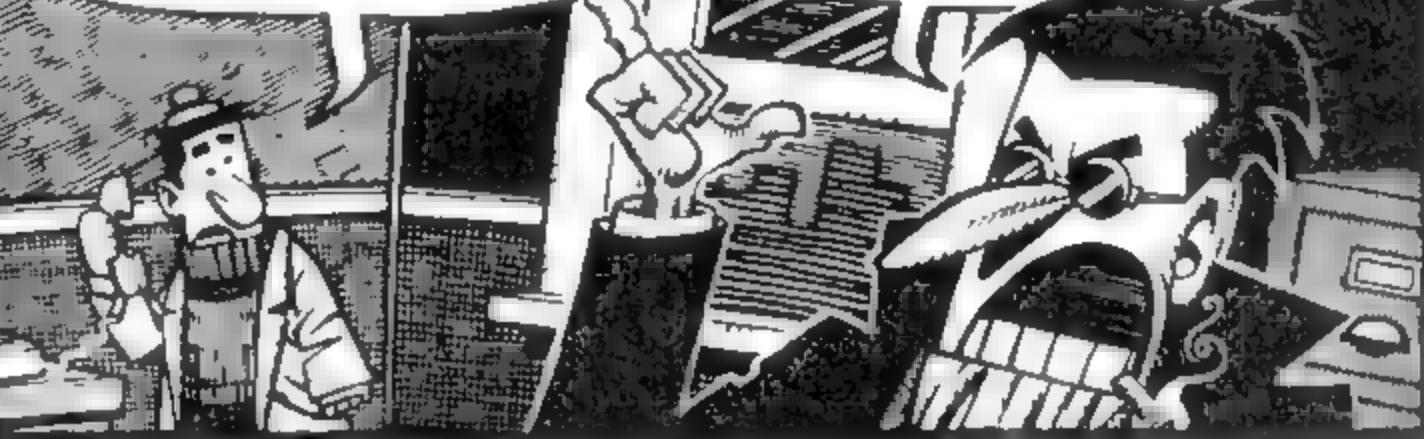


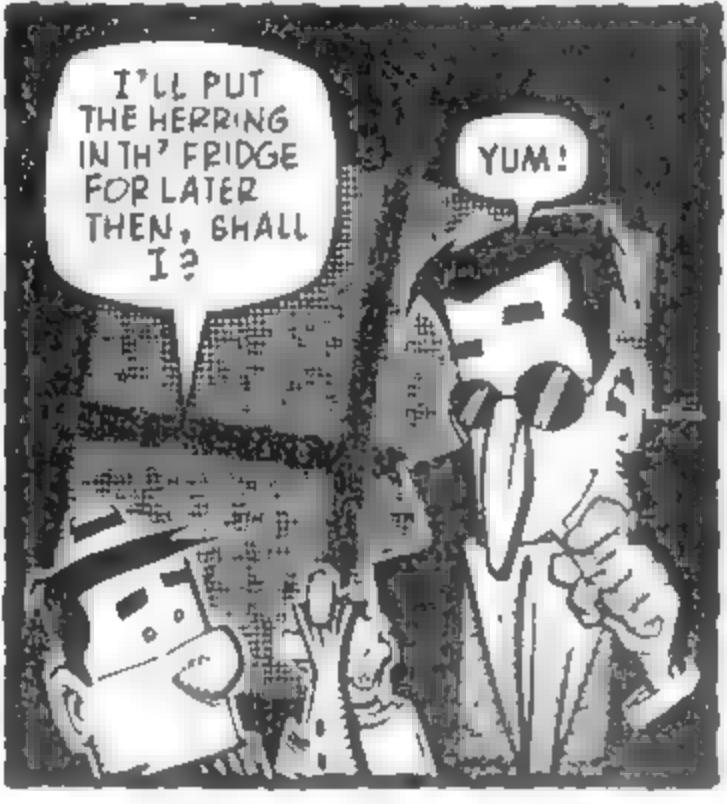
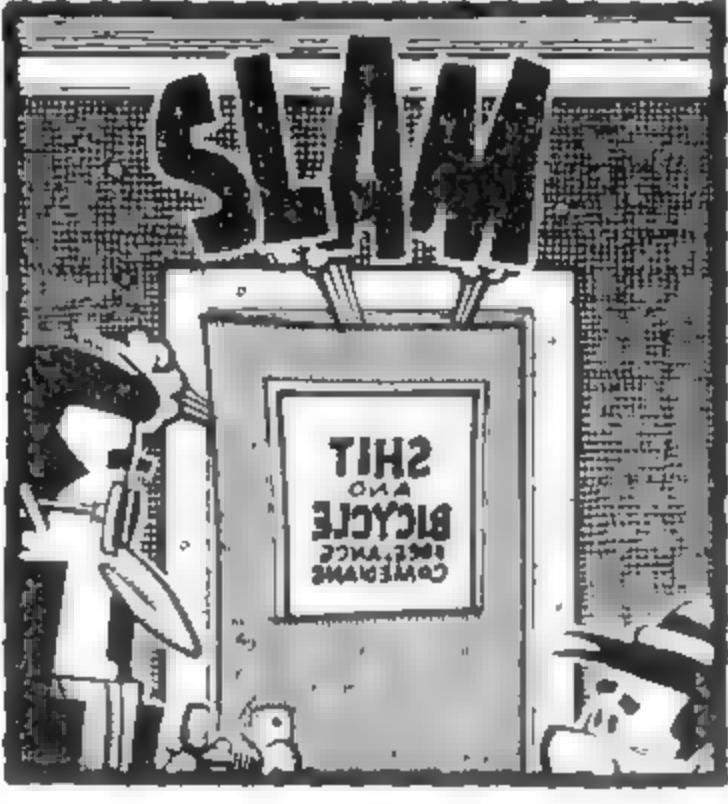
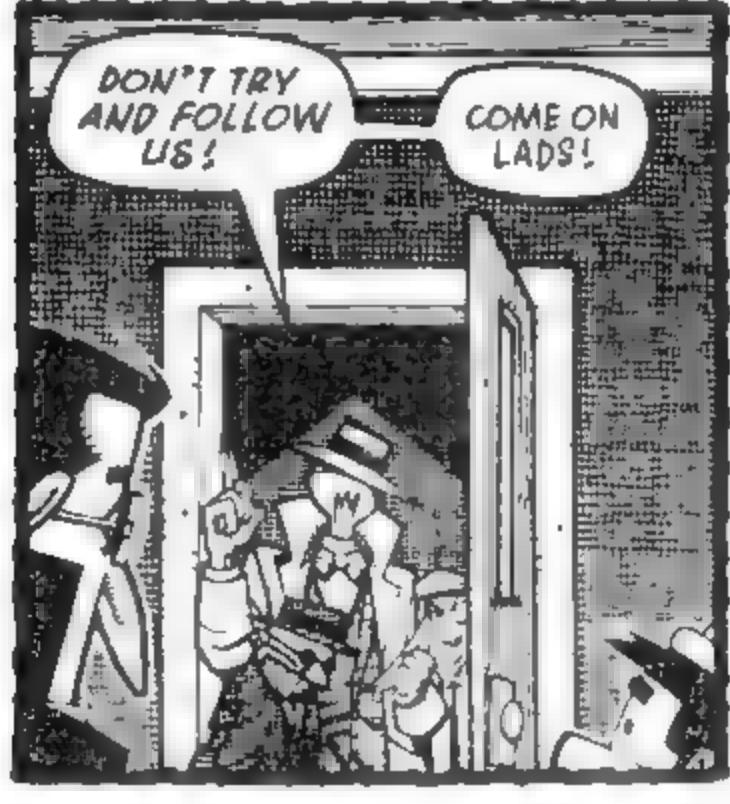
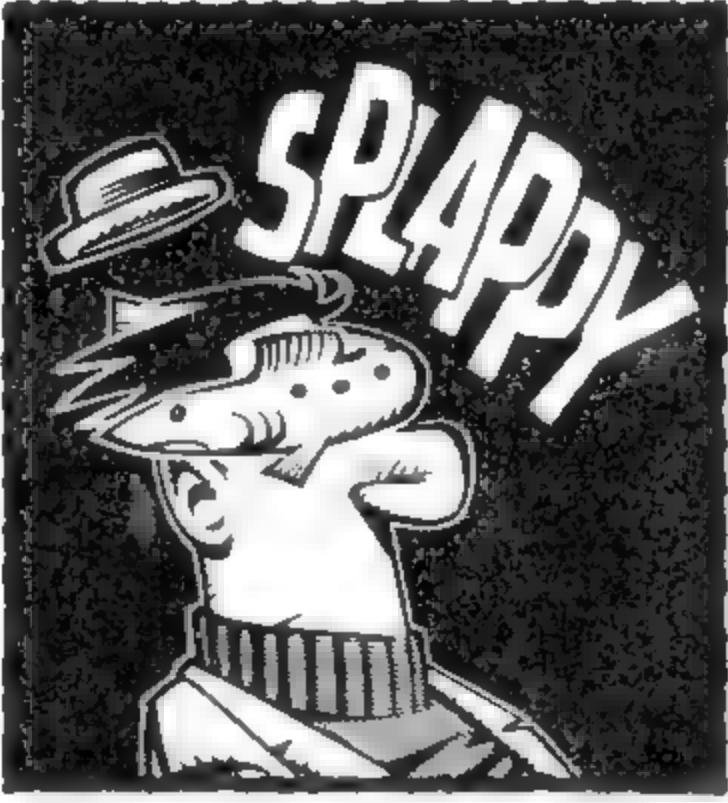
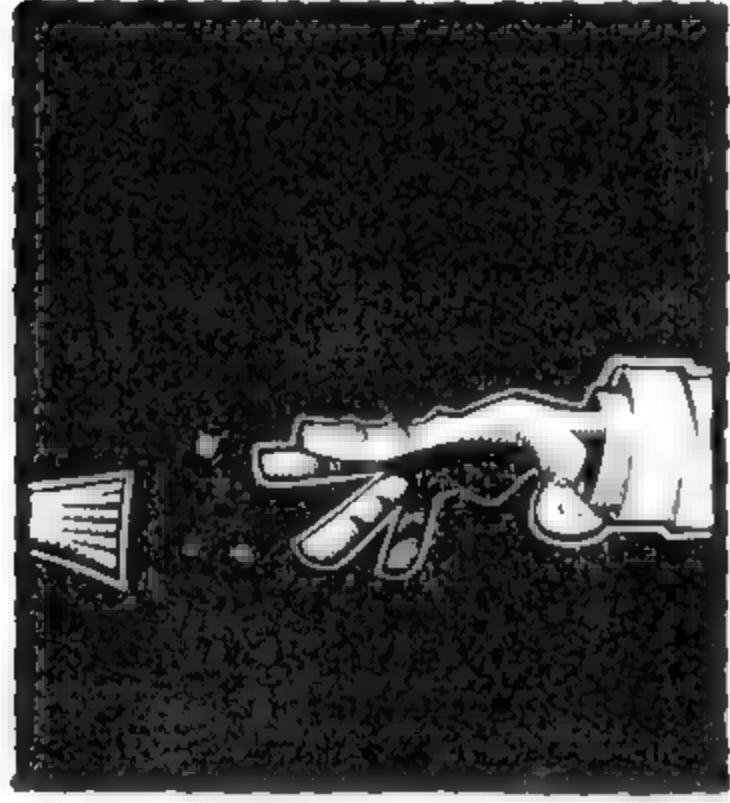
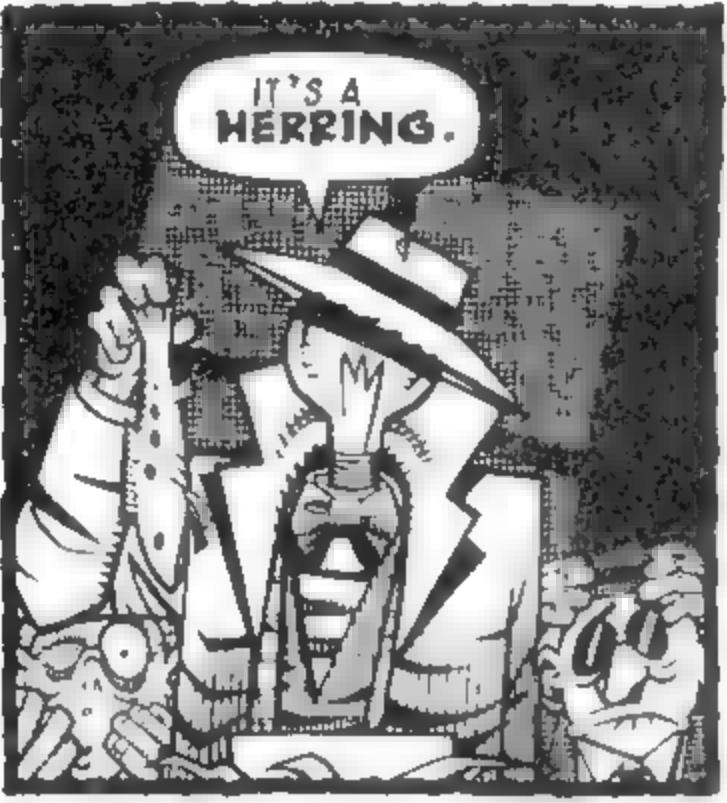
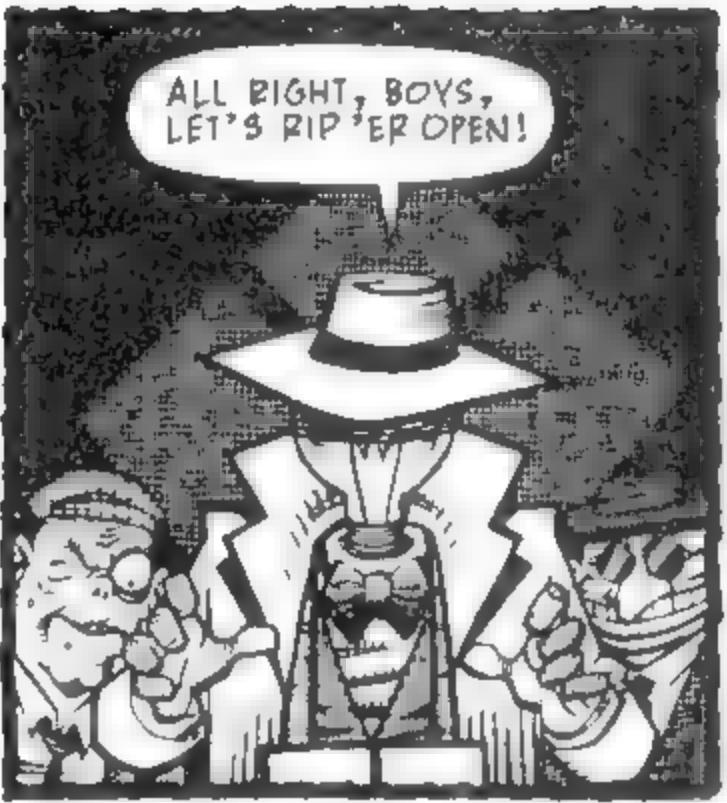
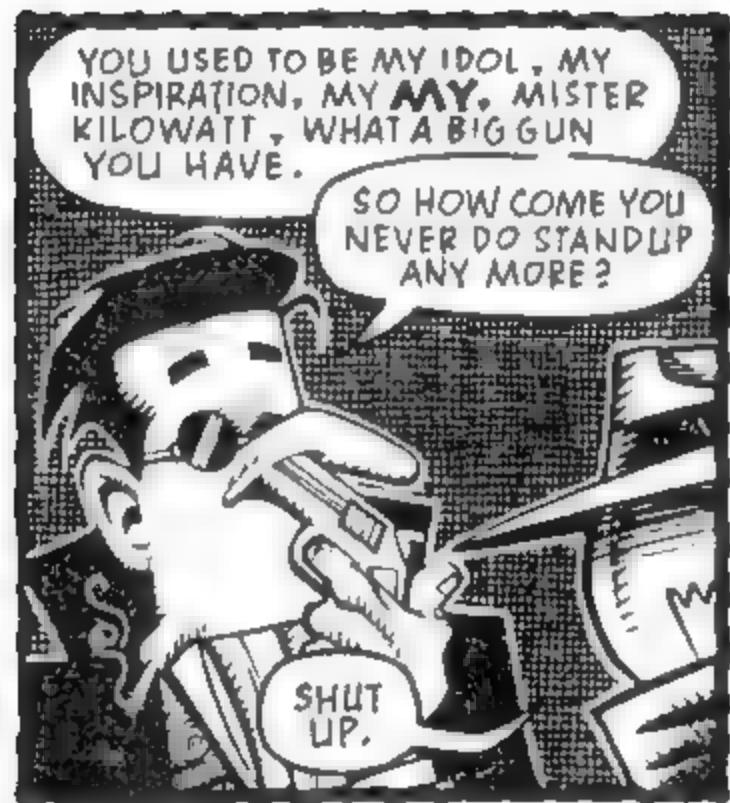
SIX WEEKS LATER!

THAT WAS CHIEF GOEBBELS ON TH' TELEPHONE AGAIN ABOUT TH' BANANA MUTILATIONS. HE WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU'VE MADE ANY PROGRESS!

ANY PROGRESS?! ANY PROGRESS?! I'VE WRITTEN FIVE CHAPTERS OF MY NEXT NOVEL! TELL HIM IF PROGRESS WASN'T MY MIDDLE NAME, MY BIRTH CERTIFICATE WOULD LOOK A LOT LESS SILLY!

MISTER SHIT, I KNOW OUR METHODS ARE UNORTHODOX, BUT I'M SURE WE SHOULD HAVE LEFT THE OFFICE SOMETIME OVER THE PAST SIX WEEKS. MY UNDERPANTS SMELL ALL FUNNY...





SOON, BACK AT THE KILOWATT MANSION!

SO CAN WE OPEN TH' BANANA NOW, BOSS?  
CAN WE? HUH? HUH?  
CAN WE?

DON'T BE SO IMPATIENT,  
MULDOON, MY DISGUSTING  
LACKEY, THE UNVEILING OF  
THE GORILLA JOKE IS A  
**SPECIAL OCCASION**,  
TO BE MILKED FOR  
**MAXIMUM IMPACT!**

EH?  
YES, WITH THIS BANANA  
I SHALL MAKE MY **COME-**  
**BACK!** IN TWENTY-FOUR  
HOURS **THE MAN WITH**  
**THE LIGHTBULB HEAD**  
RETURNS FROM RETIREMENT  
AND RECLAIMS HIS TITLE AS  
**THE FUNNIEST MAN**  
**IN THE WORLD!**

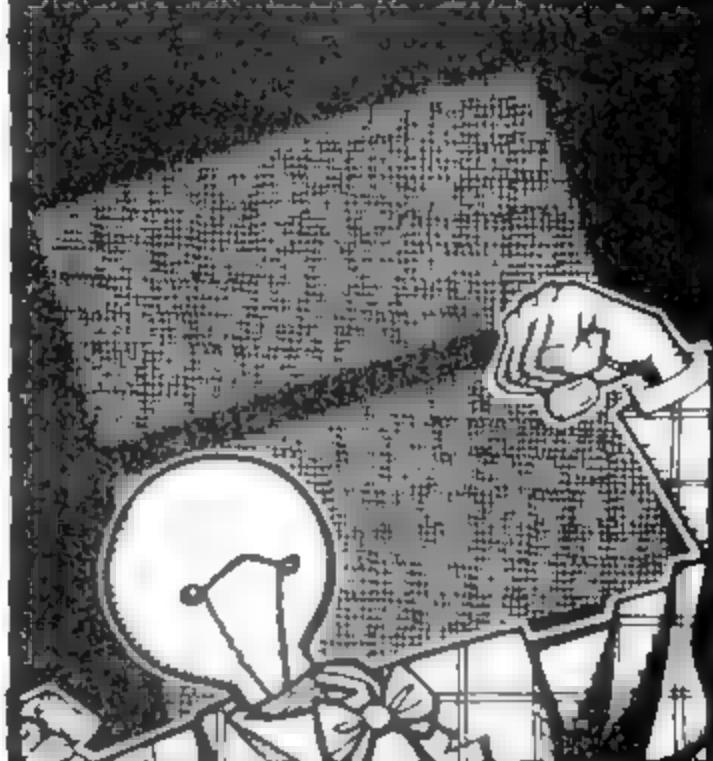
FERRETT, BOOK THE HIROSHIMA CLUB  
FOR TOMORROW NIGHT! MULDOON,  
SEND OUT INVITATIONS TO ANYBODY  
WHO'S ANYBODY IN THE MEDIA AND  
THE MOB! THIS JOKE IS GOING TO  
MAKE ME MORE POWERFUL AND  
INFLUENTIAL THAN **SINATRA!**

I CAN SEE IT NOW... I'LL OPEN THE  
SET WITH A FEW QUIET LAUGHS...  
GET 'EM IN TH' MOOD... THEN  
BREAK INTO MY OLD **CHICKEN**  
**ROUTINE!** THAT ALWAYS GETS  
THEM GOING!

A FEW **BUM JOKES**... ABUSE  
SOME MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE...  
THEN, JUST WHEN THEY THINK IT  
CAN'T GET ANY BETTER ~KAPOW!  
**I UNVEIL THE GORILLA**  
**JOKE!**

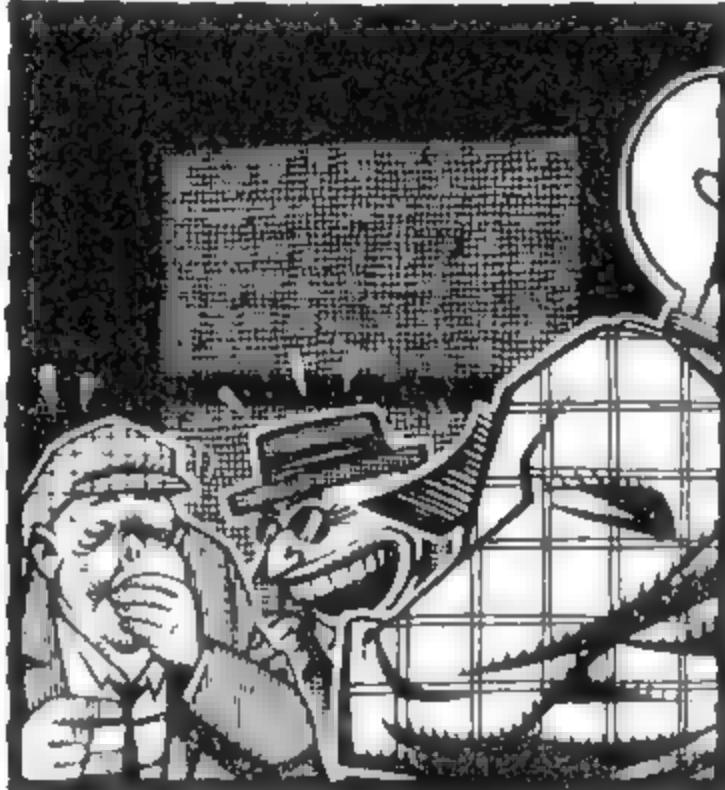
OH YES, THEY'LL BE SORRY THEY  
MESSED WITH ME... ALL THOSE  
**BASTARDS** WHO USED TO MAKE  
FUN OF ME AT SCHOOL... PULLING  
MY PLUG... SWITCHING ME OFF IN  
THE CHANGING ROOMS...!

SOB! I'LL SHOW  
THEM! I'LL SET A  
FUCKING EXAMPLE,  
SEE IF I DON'T! THEY'LL  
BE SORRY THEY MESSED  
WITH 'STINKY'  
**KILOWATT!**

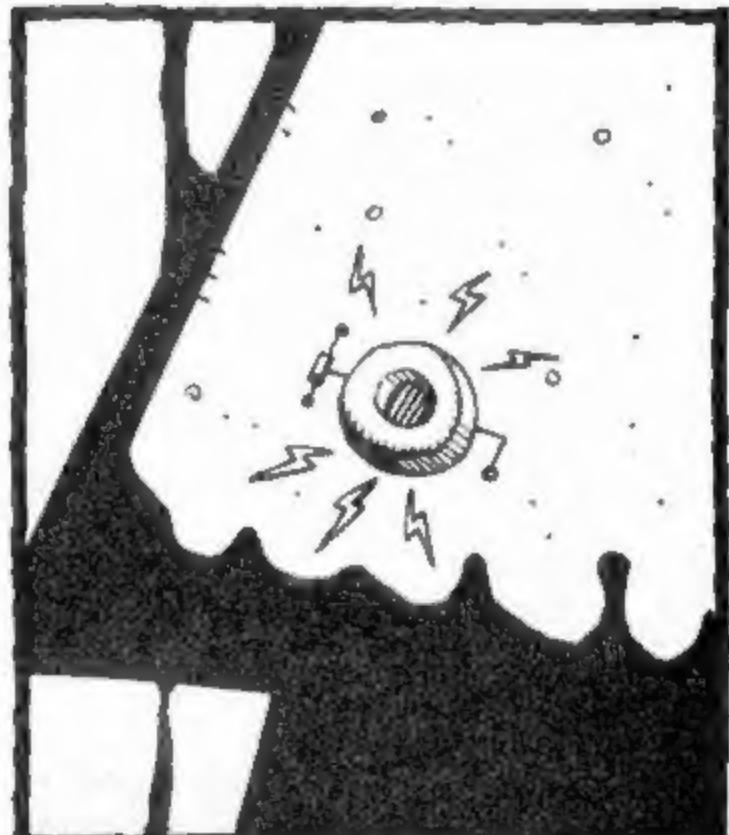
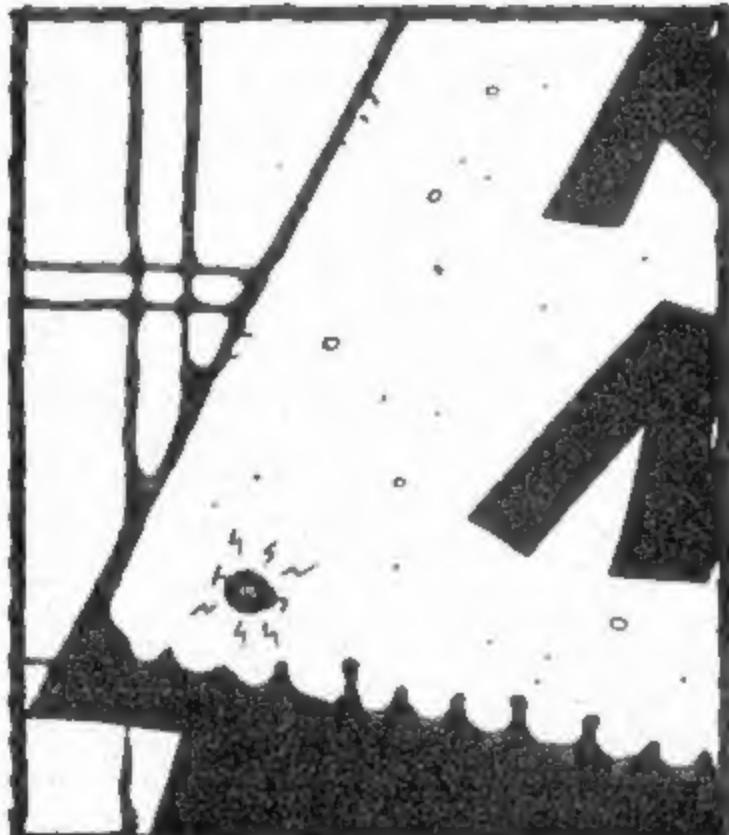
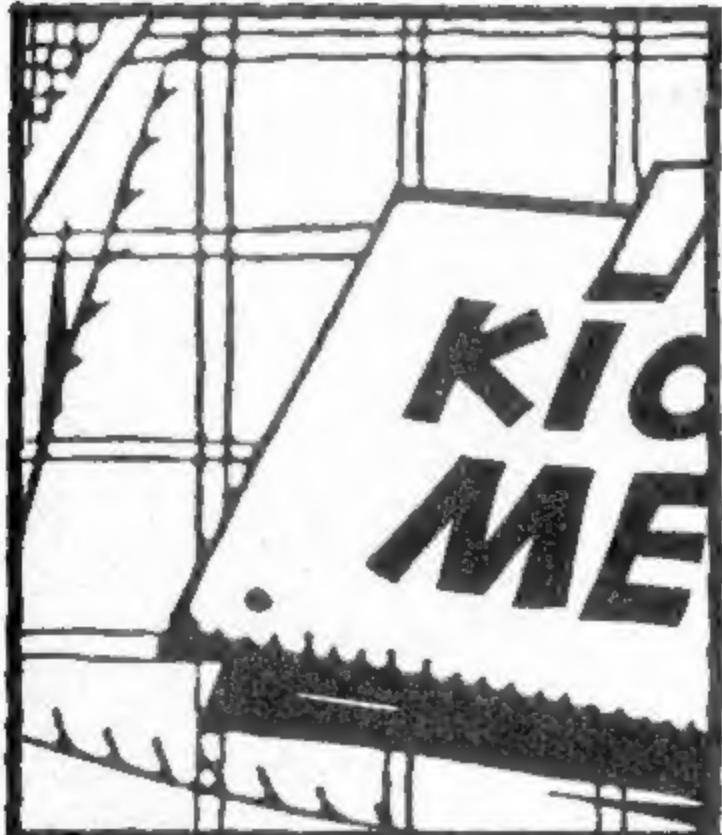


AHEM.

AND THEN WE'LL  
SEE WHO'S RUNNING  
THIS TOWN. OH  
MY YES.



**KICK  
ME**



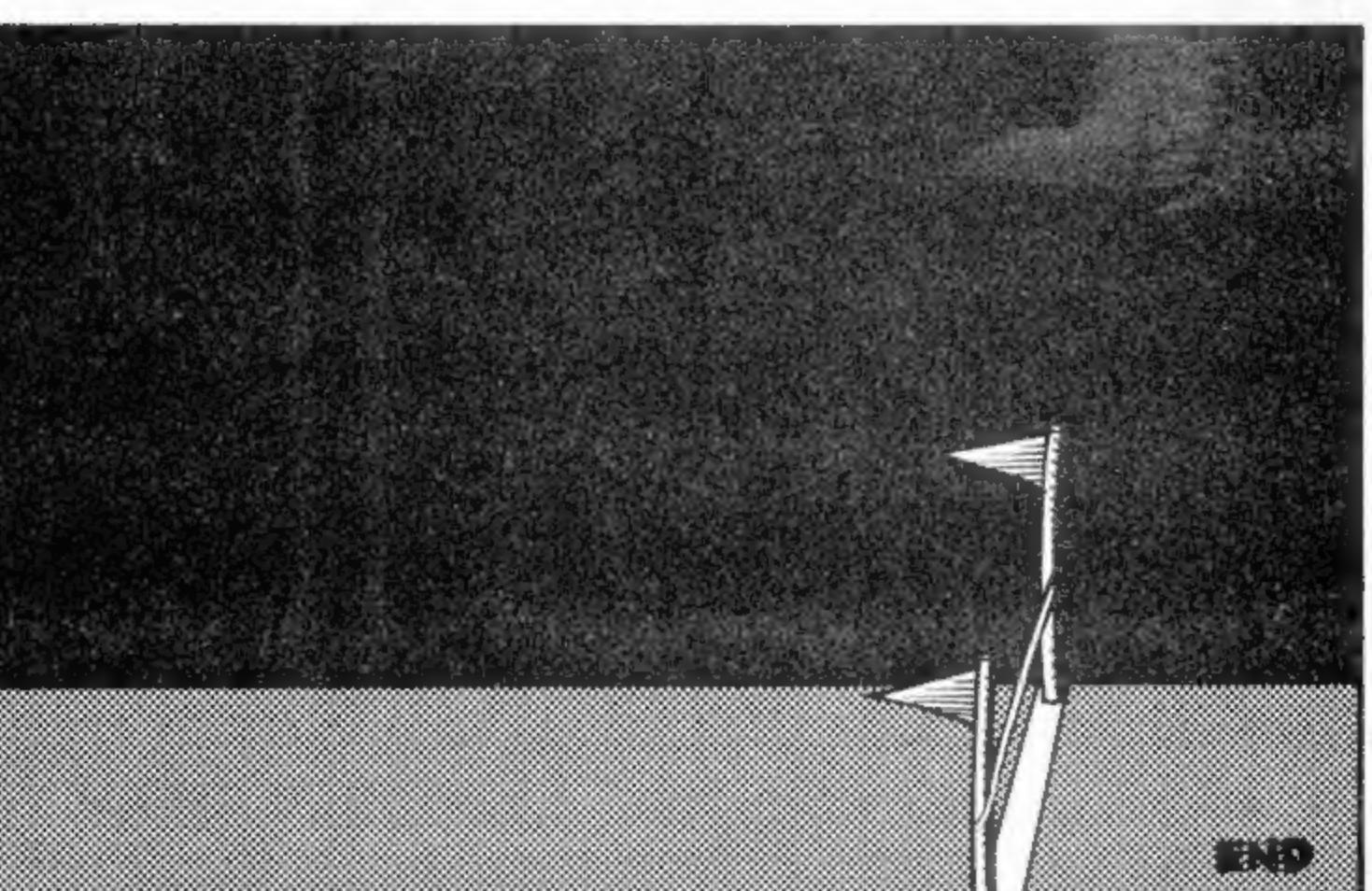
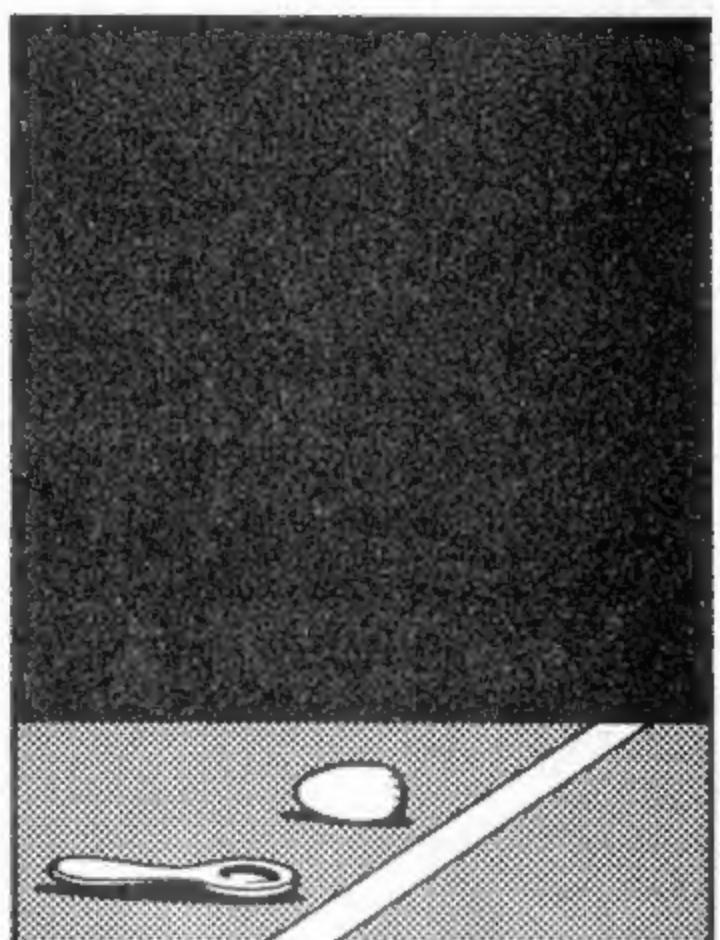
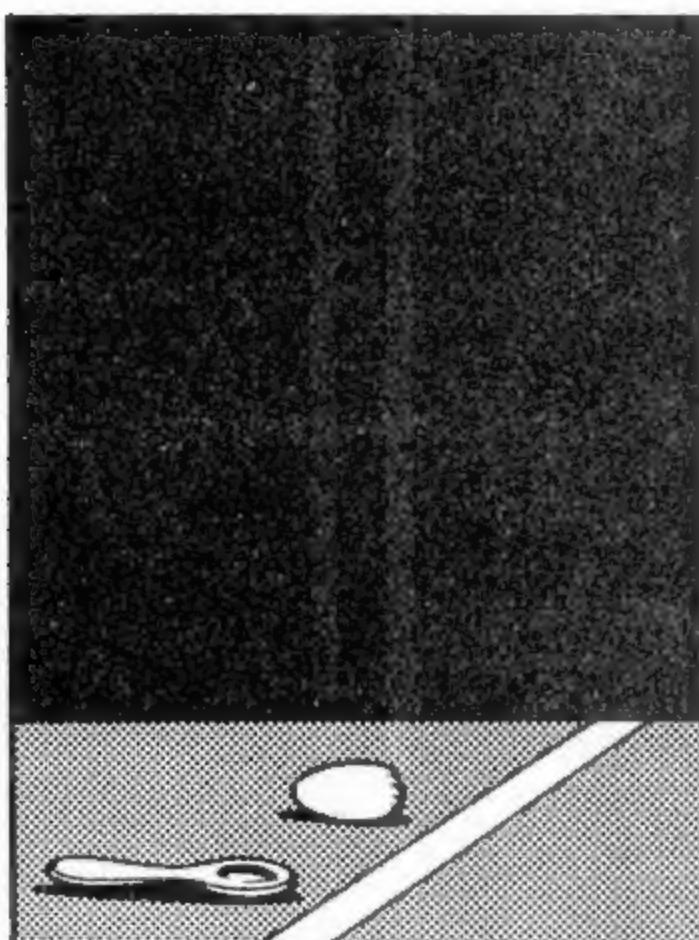
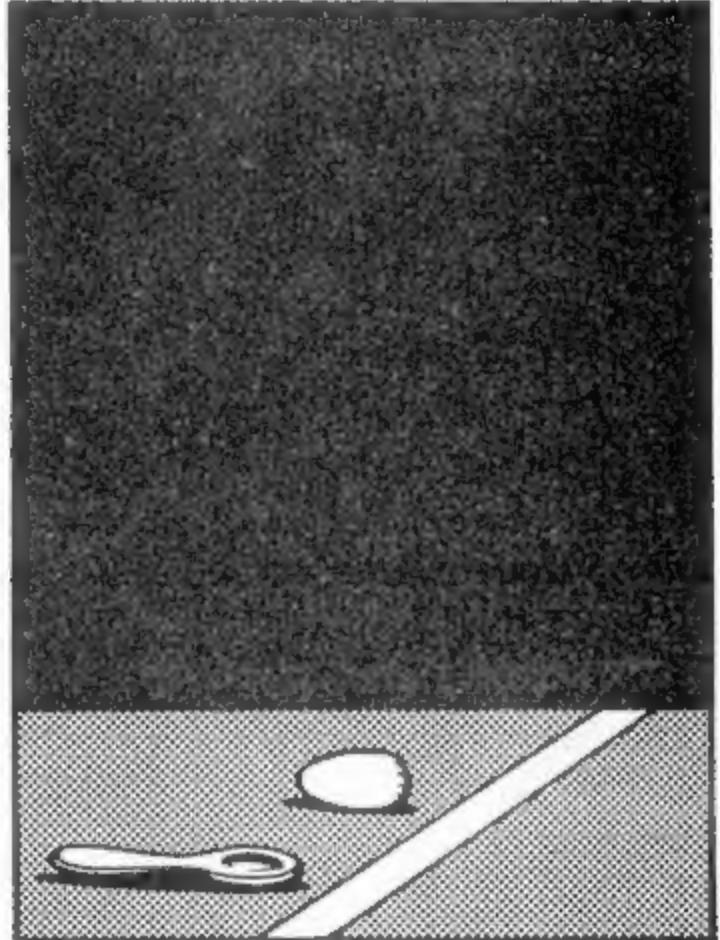
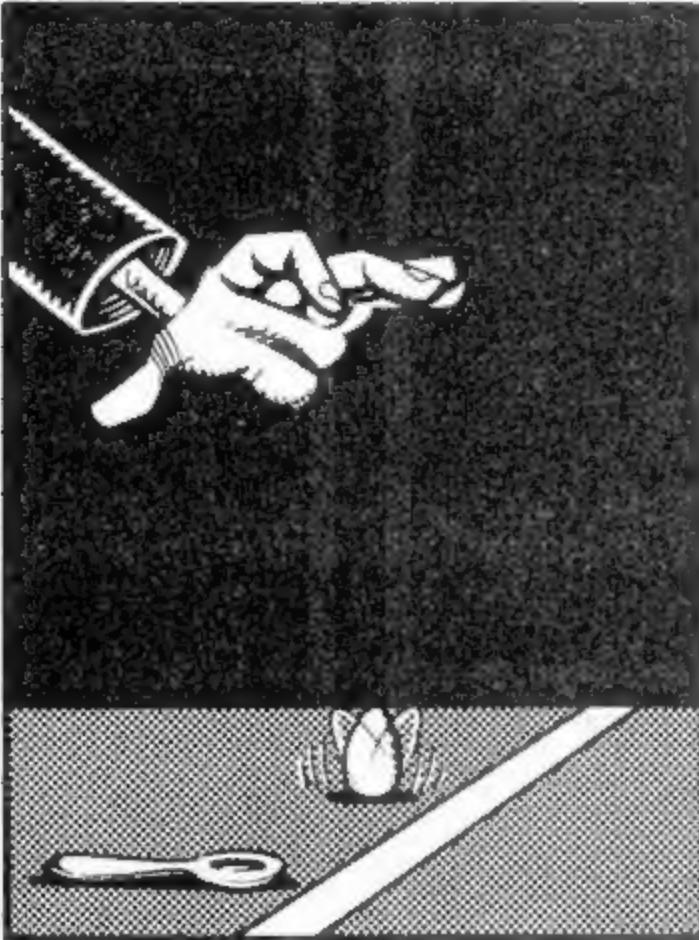
NEXT: WHO WAS THAT LIGHTBULB I SAW YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?

# THE EGG and SPOON RACE

~ STRIPS FOR THE LAZY CARTOONIST # 43



ON YOUR  
MARKS...  
GET SET...  
**GO!**



# THE NIGHT-TIME HI-JINKS OF ARNOLD LAYNE

ARNOLD LAYNE HAD A STRANGE HOBBY...



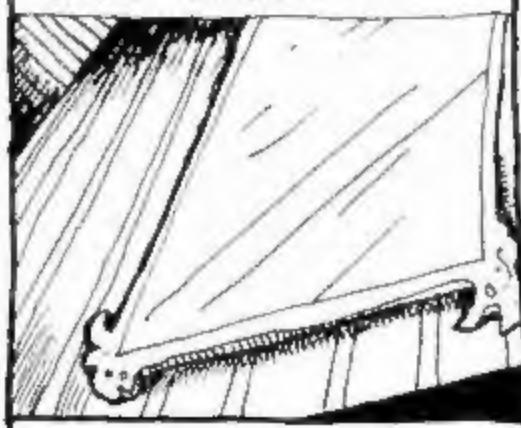
COLLECTING CLOTHES...



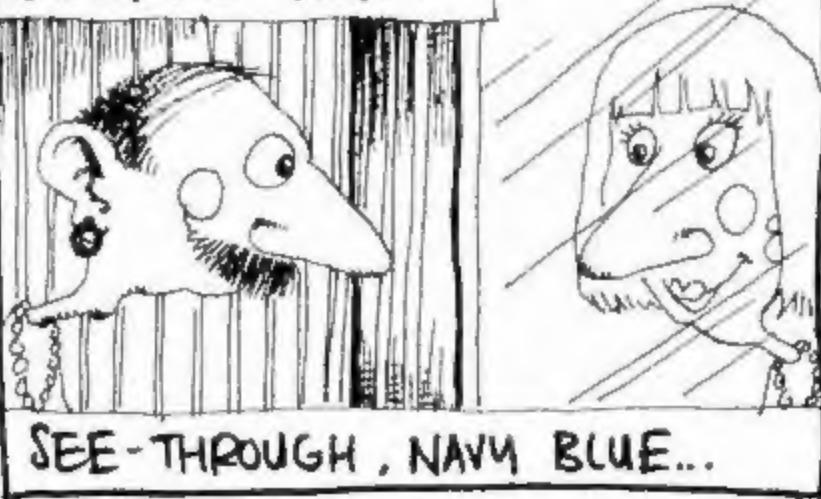
THEY SUIT HIM FINE!



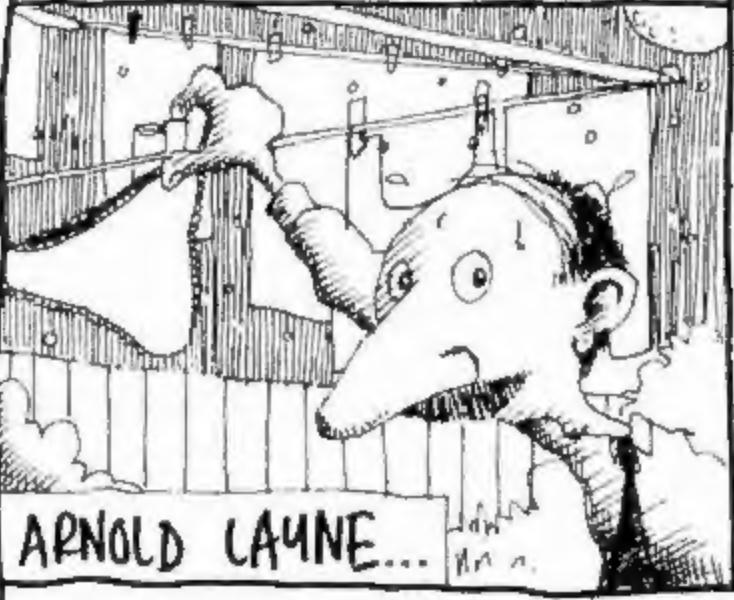
ON THE WALL HUNG A TALL MIRROR...



DISTORTED VIEW...



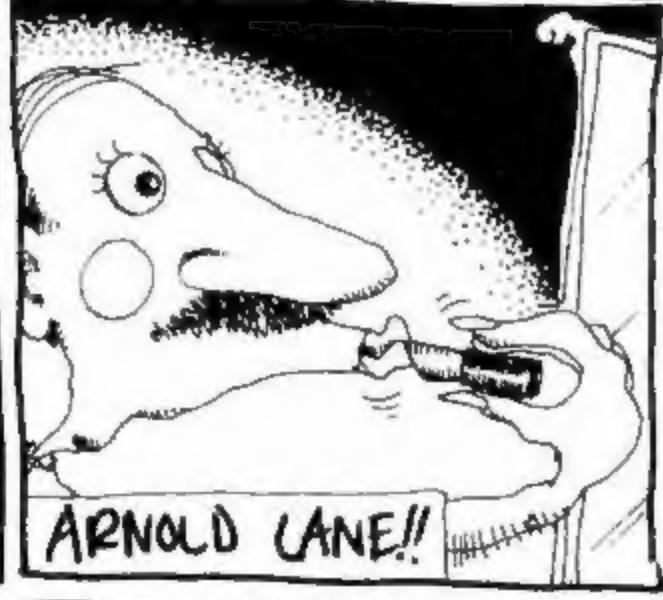
HE DIG IT!



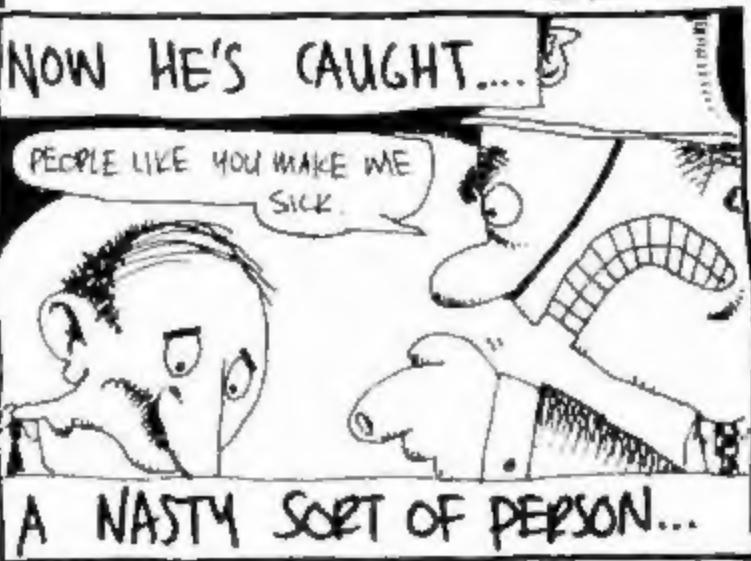
ARNOLD LAYNE...



ARNOLD LAYNE!



ARNOLD LANE!!



A NASTY SORT OF PERSON...

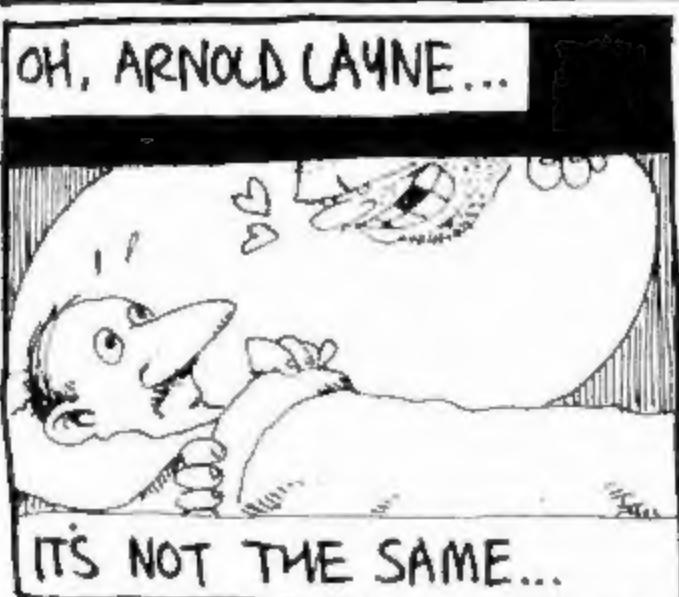


THEM GAVE HIM TIME...

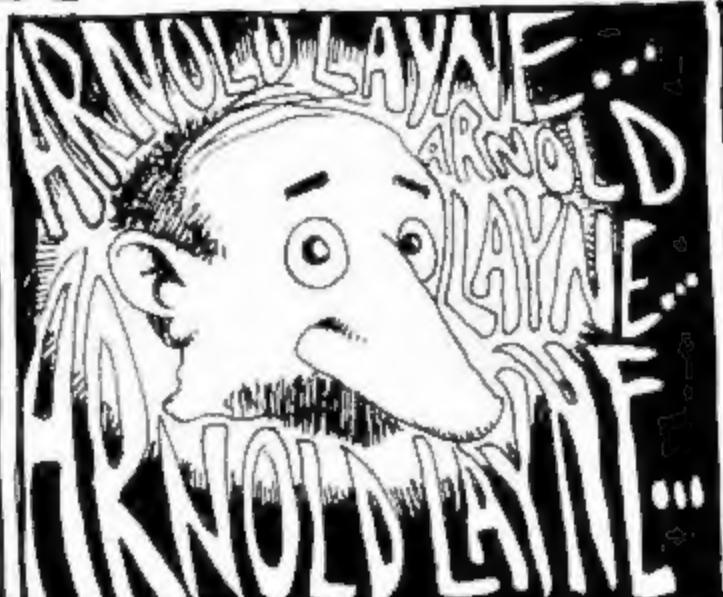


DOORS CLANG, CHAIN GANG...

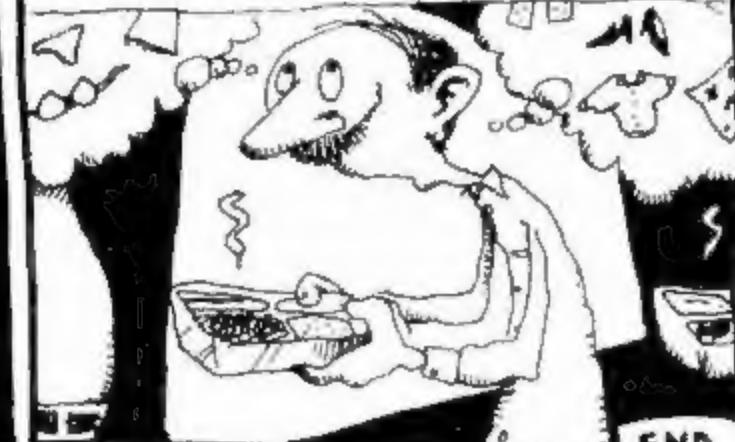
HE HATES IT!



OH, ARNOLD LAYNE...



ARNOLD LAYNE DONT DO IT AGAIN!



IT'S NOT THE SAME...

END

# MORE REAL PEOPLE



Well I'm off home soon. I'll have some tuna, yeah. Dolphin friendly.

Dolphins are amazing creatures. So intelligent and friendly. You're out on the ocean, they'll come and play with you, help you out if you're in trouble...

I've never really been that close to them. I've seen them from a boat a couple of times, running alongside across the strait, that sort of thing, but not close up.

Aw they're beautiful, they'll talk to you, play with you. Doesn't stop the fucken nips from killing them. They don't give a shit.

Uh, yeah. The driftnets and stuff...

I reckon they need to nuke 'em again. If you ask me that last one was a fertility bomb, not a nuclear bomb. Uh huh huh huh.

Uh... Well I better be off. Have my tuna.

See ya.

END